

King's Hall



1874 - 1949

King's Hall Magazine

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Editorial

Throughout the world at this time the classes of '49 will be graduating. I wonder if we realize how much luckier we are than our fellow-graduates in many other countries. Some have to repair the destruction of war, and some have still to fight for their freedom; some have even lost a second time the freedom they won back with such pain. Perhaps if we ever lost our freedom we would realize how much it meant to us. Too many of us, I think, take our Canadian citizenship and all it implies as a very light thing.

"Be proud you are a Canadian." We know what the poster says, but are we really proud? Our country is a part of us; we have grown up with it and watched it grow, but do we really love it? What is love of country? Is it to love the lakes and rivers, to love the great Canadian pine trees as they sway in the breeze? Is it to sing our national anthem more lustily than the other fellow? Is it the excited feeling after we won the war? I think it goes deeper than that. It is to feel proud when you are driving in a foreign country and see a Canadian licence plate; it is to feel proud to stand up for your country in an argument; it is that spark of pride that comes when a fellow Canadian

distinguishes himself. Most of all it is to feel the responsibility we owe our country.

What is that responsibility? Canada has now become one of the topranking nations of the world. It is our generation which must help her to be strong enough to fill that position. Eventually one or two of us may perhaps live in the pages of history and become one of "The Great Women of Canada," but most of us will spend our lives quietly as ordinary citizens. We can put into practice in our own homes the best lessons we have learned here at school, so that each home will be a centre of honest living and unprejudiced thinking, helping Canada to be a place where creative artists, scientists, thinkers and statesmen can develop. In this way we can help Canada to be respected by other nations and to be an influence for peace and freedom in the world.

The editors would like to thank all who co-operated to make this edition possible, especially the committee and those who undertook the tedious but essential job of typing the material. We also extend our sincere thanks to the staff who have given so much time to guiding us safely through this edition.

IN MEMORIAM

It was with very deep regret that we learned in December of the death of Mr. Harry Norton. For many years Mr. Norton had been a good friend and benefactor of King's Hall. Many of the girls remember with great pleasure the movies of his beautiful flowers, and many times the rooms of the school were fragrant with his lovely lilacs and peonies. Few of us knew at the time how much Mr. Norton was doing for the School. We wish to extend our deepest sympathy to Miss Norton.

Dear Girls:

We refer quite glibly to the fact this is the 75th Anniversary of the founding of King's Hall.

I wonder how many have paused to think what phenomenal changes have come about, in the mode of living in those past 75 years? In 1874 there were no telephones, no electric light, no daily baths in proper bath-rooms, no radios, no motor cars, no movies, no paved roads, no gymnasium, no permanent waves, no short hair, etc, etc, etc. How tranquil life must have been!! I often ask myself just how important all these present-day material comforts actually are? I wonder also whether the sum total of happiness is greater because of these so-called amenities? But this is actually irrelevant to the theme of my letter.

There are certain fundamental principles of human conduct that do not change through the years; certain basic values that should be ageless; and it is of one of these that I am writing you to day. The French call it "Noblesse Oblige," which can be translated "Nobility imposes Obligations." Mr. Churchill, in one of his war-time speeches to the British people, translated it "Great privilege imposes great Responsibility." We, in Canada, have no aristocracy of Birth, but we should have, in this New Land, an aristocracy of breeding and culture, which seems in danger of being lost. Whether it is maintained depends largely on the sense of responsibility, the power of leadership, and capacity for Service of Canadians like you. You are the privileged group. In your short lives, not only have you never known what it means to have to worry about food, clothing and warmth; not only have you had a large share of the good things in life; but many of you have never had a real wish ungratified. Do you ever think of that? Do you realize that in return for the good things you have received, you must give something back to the world? Or do you just take them as your right? Is there something so very special about you as persons, that you feel it is your right to take and take without giving?

If girls like you with your advantages of education, and background, do not set the standards, to whom can this Country look for fixed standards? It is you who should maintain standards of speech, of manners, of integrity in personal and public life. It is you, the members of the leisured classes, who should encourage a respect for learning and a respect for the best in Art, Literature and Music. If you are satisfied with the third rate and the shoddy-You, who have had the opportunity of enjoying the best—then there will be no best.

If you do not put first things first, but let money, material pleasures and superficialities become all-important, you will be betraying all that your school has tried to stand for, and that motto "Noblesse Oblige" "Privilege imposes responsibility" by which you, as members of the privileged classes, are called upon to live will be merely an empty and meaningless phrase.

Yours affectionately,

ADELAIDE GILLARD



Head Girl



ANN TRENHOLME
Montreal, P.Q.

1945-1949
Montcalm

Let us now praise all famous women
Pet Aversion: Early morning classes.
Favourite Expression: "Gosh, where are we supposed to
be now?"
Ambition: Nurse.
Activities: Soccer, House, '48-'49, Form, '48-'49; C Ski
Test; Current Events '47-'49; Baseball, Form, '48-'49;
Volleyball, Form, '46-'47.

PREFECTS' REPORT

This year Rideau, MacDonald and Montcalm took part in all school activities with their usual enthusiasm. Competition in the inter-house sports was keen; all the games were good, and the results fairly even.

The Prefects and the other Matrics have been very conscious of the co-operation of the VIA's and the younger forms. No matter how dull or inconspicuous the task that had to be done there were always dozen of willing hands. It was the Art students who spent many hours decorating the gym for the annual school dance; it is the VI A's and representatives from VI B and V A who have done such wonderful work in the Library, while the Form Captains and Monitresses have worked efficiently and willingly.

As you will see when you read the various reports, we have had numerous diversions, including some dances and concerts. At the time of writing we are looking forward to the dance to be held at B.C.S. on May 23.

We should also like the Staff to know how much we appreciate their interest in our work and the many hours of extra coaching they have given us.

The best of luck to you all. We hope that the Prefects and Matrics of 1950 will have as happy a year as you have given us in 1949.

THE PREFECTS



Prefects

ANN HODGINS 1945-1949
Riverside, N.B. Prefect on MacDonald

"I'm sorry I disturb the choir,
Perhaps I'm doing wrong,
But when my heart is filled with praise,
I can't keep back a song."
Pet Aversion: Keeping her drawers tidy.
Favourite Expression: "What will I do with my hair?"
Ambition: To invent a freckle remover.
Activities: Choir '46-'49; Literary Club '48-'49; Magazine Committee '47-'49; Current Events '47-'49.

JOAN MACKAY 1946-1949
St. Laurent, P.Q. Prefect on MacDonald

"Make my coffee strong!"
Pet Aversion: Spraining her ankle.
Favourite Expression: "But . . ."
Ambition: Raising kids and horses.
Activities: Photography Club '47-'49; Magazine Committee '48-'49; Current Events '49.

GEOGHAN GREENING 1945-1949
Hamilton, Ont. Prefect on Montcalm

"Her waist exceeding small"
Pet Aversion: Untidiness.
Favourite Expression: "For Pete's sake!"
Ambition: ?
Activities: Choir '46-'49; Literary Club '48-'49; Library Committee '48-'49; Current Events '47-'49; Music Club '48-'49; Soccer, School, House, Form, '46-'49; Basketball, Form, '46-'47.

NANCY ROBERTSON 1947-1949
Toronto, Ont. Prefect on Montcalm

"Born with the gift of laughter"
Pet Aversion: Spooks.
Favourite Expression: "Stop kicking the bunk!"
Ambition: Who knows?
Activities: Soccer, House, Form, '48-'49; Current Events '47-'49; Music Club '47-'48.

DIANA KINGSMILL 1945-1949
Montreal, P.Q. Prefect on Rideau

"I am fearfully and wonderfully made."
Pet Aversion: Sundays.
Favourite Expression: "Drown yourself!"
Probable Destination: Scientist in Germany.
Activities: Form Captain, VIB and VIA; Library Committee '47-'49; Current Events '47-'49; Ski Team '47-'48; Ski Tests B and C; Music Club '48-'49; Soccer, School, House, Form '45-'49; Baseball, Form, '48-'49.

NANCY RYLEY 1945-1949
Windsor, Ont. Prefect on Rideau

"I 'spect I growed . . ."
Pet Aversion: Having an early morning bath.
Favourite Expression: "Oh, well . . ."
Ambition: To see Mount Everest.
Activities: Choir '48-'49; Ski Test C; Music Club '48-'49; Baseball, Form, '48-'49; Current Events '47-'49.



JOY PATON
Sillery, P.Q.

1944-1949
Montcalm
Residence Captain

"I'm no angel!"

Pet Aversion: Working.

Favourite Expression: "No kidding!"

Ambition: To see the world.

Activities: Soccer, School, '48-'49; House, Form, '47-'49; Basketball, House, Form, '46-'48; Volleyball, House, Form, '45-'46.

ANDREA RUSSELL
Boston, Mass.

1942-1949
Rideau
Sports Captain

"Variety is the very spice of life!"

Pet Aversion: Ski-ing when there is no snow.

Favourite Expression: "Want me to faint?"

Probable Destination: A hermit.

Activities: C and B Ski Tests; Ski Team '47-'48; Choir '48-'49; Music Club '47-'49; Literary Club '48-'49; Magazine Committee '48-'49; Soccer, School, House, Form, '48-'49; Baseball, Form, '48-'49; Form Captain VIA; Current Events '47-'49.

Form Officers



MARY JANE HUTCHISON
Montreal, P.Q.

1946-1949
Rideau

Science Form Captain
"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low;
an excellent thing in woman."

Pet Aversion: Spending weeks in the infirmary and struggling with Algebra.

Favourite Expression: "Say it a little louder and we'll dance to it!"

Ambition: Nurse.

Activities: Basketball, House, Form, '47-'48; Soccer, School, House, '48-'49, Form, '47-'49; C Ski Test; Music Club '48-'49; Current Events '47-'49

SHEILA MCEACHRAN
Montreal, P.Q.

1947-1949
MacDonald

Arts Form Captain
"When I arose and saw the dawn, I sighed."

Pet Aversion: June bugs.

Favourite Expression: "WHO'S in my bath!?"

Ambition: A Latin-less world.

Activities: Baseball, Form, '48-'49; Soccer, House, '48-'49; Music Club '47-'49; Literary Club '48-'49; Current Events '47-'49; C Ski Test.

CYNTHIA ROBERTS
Montreal, P.Q.

1947-1949
Rideau

Form Sports Captain

"And lightly was her slender nose tip-tilted."

Pet Aversion: Her bed not being turned down properly.

Favourite Expression: "Oh, Doodle!"

Ambition: Doctor.

Activities: Music Club '47-'49; Photography Club '47-'48; Basketball, House, Form, '47-'48; Soccer, House, Form, '48-'49; Baseball, Form, '48-'49; Current Events '48-'49.



Matrics

LINDA BALLANTYNE 1946-1949
Montreal, P.Q. Rideau
"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."
Pet Aversion: Being cold, and early morning classes.
Favourite Expression: "Va-a-a-h!"
Ambition: Broadway.
Activities: Choir '46-'49; Literary Club '48-'49; Current Events '47-'49; Magazine Committee '47-'48.

JUDY CATE 1948-1949
North Hatley, P.Q. Rideau
"I would not change my horse for any that treads on four pasterns."
Pet Aversion: Her hair.
Favourite Expression: "You should see my other horse!"
Ambition: Veterinarian.
Activities: Soccer, School, House, Form, '48-'49; Music Club '48-'49; Literary Club '48-'49; Current Events '48-'49.

SHIRLEY FELLOWS 1946-1949
Montreal, P.Q. MacDonald
"Ah! London, London, my delight!"
Pet Aversion: Her ski slacks splitting.
Favourite Expression: *Yes, I'm furious!*
Probable Destination: Lion tamer.
Activities: Music Club '47-'49; Current Events '47-'49; Magazine Committee '48-'49; Photography Club '47-'48

JOAN FOSTER 1945-1949
Montreal, P.Q. Montcalm
"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
Pet Aversion: Getting up in the morning.
Favourite Expression: "Sa-a-y!"
Ambition: Lab Technician
Activities: Choir '48-'49; Soccer, House, Form, '45-'47; Baseball, Form, '48-'49; Current Events '47-'49.

MARITA HOPE 1945-1949
Halifax, N.S. Montcalm
"Let joy be unconfined, no sleep till morn!"
Pet Aversion: Reading Shakespeare in front of the class, and bananas.
Favourite Expression: "My diet really starts on Monday."
Probable Destination: Riding in the Calgary Stampede.
Activities: Basketball, School, '46-'48, House, '45-'48, Form, '45-'48; Soccer, House Form, School, '45-'48; Sports Captain VA and VIB; Volleyball, House, Form, '45-'47; Winner, Badminton Doubles '45-'46; Current Events '47-'49.

ANN LINDSAY 1947-1949
Gaspé, P.Q. Rideau
"I laughed till I cried."
Pet Aversion: Putting the rugs out in the morning.
Favourite Expression: "Don't panic!"
Ambition: To have Gaspé the new capital of the British Empire.
Activities: Soccer, School, House, Form, '48-'49; C Ski Test; Baseball, Form, '48-'49; Current Events '47-'49; Photography Club '47-'49; Music Club '48-'49.



JUDY LINDSEY
Swampscott, Mass.

1947-1949
Montcalm

"I hail from the city of Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod."

Pet Aversion: Bright lights in the morning.
Favourite Expression: "Good enough"

Probable Destination: Antique dealer.

Activities: Choir '48-'49; Photography Club '47-'48;
Soccer, School, '48-'49, House, Form, '47-'49; Current
Events '47-'49.

CHRISTINA MACKEEN
Halifax, N.S.

1945-1949
MacDonald

"Sings like a lark."

Pet Aversion: Talking after lights out.

Favourite Expression: "Hardly cold at all."

Ambition: To get her matri.

Activities: Choir '47-'49, Soccer, School, House, '47-'49,
Form '46-'49; Basketball, House, '47-'48, Form, '46-'48;
Current Events '47-'49; C Ski Test.

PIPPA OSLER
Montreal, P.Q.

1946-1949
MacDonald

"I've been from Banff to Painted Post . . ."

Pet Aversions: Eating breakfast, and liver.

Favourite Expression: "Now when I was at Banff . . ."

Probable Destination: Piano tuner.

Activities: Music Club '47-'49; Choir '46-'49; C Ski Test;
Literary Club '48-'49; Current Events '47-'49.

ANNE PANGMAN
Montreal, P.Q.

1946-1949
Montcalm

"Better a blush on the cheek than a blot
on the heart."

Pet Aversions: Frogs and Latin.

Favourite Expression: "Laugh? I thought I'd die!"

Probable Destination: Ventriloquist

Activities: Library Committee '47-'48; Soccer, House,
Form, '47-'48; Literary Club '48-'49; Music Club '48-'49;
Current Events '47-'49.

JANET PARTRIDGE
Montreal, P.Q.

1947-1949
Montcalm

"I'll be in Scotland before ye."

Pet Aversion: Dried apple pie.

Favourite Expression: "Hey, Shirl, what am I going to
do now?"

Probable Destination: Raising guinea pigs.

Activities: Library Committee '48-'49; Literary Club
'48-'49; Choir '48-'49; Soccer, House, Form, '48-'49;
Music Club '48-'49; Photography Club '47-'49; Current
Events '48-'49.

ANDRIA RICHARDSON
Ottawa, Ont.

1948-1949
MacDonald

"I only ask for information."

Pet Aversion: Being sick.

Favourite Expression: "Oh, you're sweet."

Ambition: Doctor.

Activities: Literary Club '48-'49; Music Club '48-'49;
Current Events '48-'49.



CYNTHIA SCOTT
Montreal, P.Q.

1946-1949
Rideau

"No task's too deep for human wit."

Pet Aversion: People who take her bath.

Favourite Expression: "Rats!"

Probable Destination: A second Van Gogh.

Activities: Literary Club '48-'49; Music Club '48-'49;
Current Events '47-'49; Magazine Committee '48-'49.



PRISCILLA WANKLYN
Montreal, P.Q.

1945-1949
MacDonald

"The modest cough of a minor poet."

Pet Aversion: Spelling.

Favourite Expression: "I want to play front line!"

Ambition: To get the magazine out on time.

Activities: Library Committee '47-'49; Magazine Committee '47-'49; Soccer, School, '47-'49, House, '48-'49, Form, '45-'49; Literary Club '48-'49; Music Club '47-'49; C Ski Test; Current Events '47-'49; Magazine Editor '48-'49.



NORMA WIGHT
Montreal, P.Q.

1946-1949
Montcalm

"What cheer!"

Pet Aversion: Screaming female voices.

Favourite Expression: "Drop dead!"

Ambition: Occupational Therapist.

Activities: Photography Club '46-'49; Current Events '47-'49; C Ski Test.



MARILYN WONG
Trinidad, B.W.I.

1947-1949
Montcalm

"Trinidad, of all islands the best!"

Pet Aversion: Sitting up straight.

Favourite Expression: "Go fly a kite!"

Ambition: To put on weight.

Activities: Literary Club '48-'49; Music Club '48-'49; Baseball, Form, '48-'49; Soccer, School, House, Form, '47-'49; Magazine Committee '48-'49.

Photographs by Miss Wallace

Cartoons by CYNTHIA SCOTT

Write-ups by SHEILA McEACHRAN and CYNTHIA SCOTT

Matric Prophecy

MODERN ART

Rio has a current job as a guide in Feav's art gallery on 5th Avenue. At present Feav is exhibiting a series of portraits of her old friends. The other day Andria conducted a few of her friends on a special tour of the exhibition. In the group were Hormone, who has just discovered a new norma in the human body; Hodgins, who has recently patented an invention for keeping bureau drawers tidy; and Marita, who was looking very chic in a Dior model which she had bought with the money that she has been winning at the Blue Bonnets race track.

The art gallery was a most impressive building. As the little group progressed they were particularly struck by a haggard figure that stood in awe in front of the row of portraits. When they looked at it closely they realized that it was Feav, who was quite overwhelmed by the display of her life's work. After congratulating her they moved on to see the portraits.

The first portrait was of Doodle. Doodle was clad in a gym suit and looked rather hot. On reading the caption we realized that it was because she had just carried off the Olympic soccer honours for Canada by kicking the winning goal.

The next portrait was oblong in shape and pictured Robbie amid a welter of merchandise. The caption informed us that Nancy was engaged in selecting, buying and bargaining for her gift shop, which is commonly known as "the Wee Scot Shop."

By Nancy's portrait there was one of Joan Mackay and Joy. They were both looking regal in white chef's caps. They are employed at the Waldorf at present, where Joan is the pastry cook and Joy is the salad chef.

Nobody recognized the figure in the next portrait until Rio explained that it was Rill. She was wearing a cap and gown and looking very learned. Rio informed us that Rill is a Ph.D and has recently developed a new concept of philosophy that astounds her colleagues.

The next picture was entitled "Ballantyne in Action." Lin is currently starring in television. The portrait had been painted during a rehearsal

and although Linda looked rather hot and frustrated we understand that she has been a great success.

The portrait next to Linda's was framed in white. It was simply called "Geoghan," but Andria explained to us that Geog had recently won \$50,000 and a trip to Timbuctu, for writing an essay about why she uses "Sudso" for all her washing; Feav had painted her portrait in honour of the occasion.

By Geoghan's portrait was a picture of an intelligent looking woman whose head rested on her hand while she gazed thoughtfully into space. Rio said in an awed whisper that it was Pris, whose current ravings are out-selling those of T. S. Eliot.

"The Scientist" was the title of the next portrait. It was of Diana and showed her working in her laboratory. There was a mad gleam in her eye and she was surrounded by countless bottles and test tubes.

Judy Lindsey's picture hung next to Di's. She had been painted as she followed her chosen profession. She stood on a windy street corner in Boston, selling patented laugh controllers.

The next picture was of Cyn. She sat in a neat white uniform, holding an ice cream scoop in one hand. After she had obtained her M.Sc. she had decided that her only profession could be working at Elmhurst's Dairy so that she could eat all the ice cream that she wished.

Woim was portrayed as she stood in her toy factory. Rio explained that Woim had always had a strange desire to be an Easter Bunny, but realizing that this was impossible, she had opened a toy factory that manufactured nothing but stuffed rabbits.

The picture beside Woim's was of Joan Foster. Joan, who was painted in her lab. technician's uniform, was looking rather dazed. Apparently she had just accidentally invented a chemical that takes the place of sleep. A few injections of the serum and sleep is no longer necessary.

The next portrait was of Mary Jane. Feav had painted Clammy in honour of the stupendous

work that she had done in taking over the correspondence of Dorothy Dix.

Beside Mary Jane hung a portrait of Russ. She had been portrayed holding a skunk in her arms. Rio explained that Andrea was now the eminent owner of a skunk farm near Compton.

The next picture was of a girl who held an enormous weight over her head. The label announced that the straining one was Judy Cate, the only woman ever to lift a thousand pounds over her head.

The group followed Rio down the hall to another section of the gallery. Rio informed them in sepulchral tones that this was the "foreign part" of the gallery. The first portrait was of three people. In the middle was Nancy Ryley, who is a top designer in Paris. On either side of her were Tina and Sheila who, having found a diet that they could stick to for more than two days, have taken up modelling as a career.

The next picture was a landscape. It showed a charming little tea room in the Scottish hills. In the door stood two women. When their faces were closely observed it was evident that they were Shirl and Donnie, who have returned to Scotland to run a tea room in the Highlands.

Pippa was the subject of the next picture. She was clad in black tights and was doing an arabesque. Rio told them that Pip is running a very successful ballet school in Monte Carlo.

The last portrait was of Trenholme who stood by a table with a glass in one hand and a bottle labelled "Lady Calvert" beside her. The portrait, framed in heavy gold, was entitled "A Woman of Distinction."

The little group retraced their steps and said goodbye to Feav, who still stood motionless, gazing at her masterpieces.

SHEILA McEACHRAN



House Reports

MacDONALD

We wish to thank MacDonald for the splendid support and co-operation they have given us this year. They have entered into the various sports and competitions whole-heartedly and with a fine house spirit. As well as keeping their end up in sports they have worked hard to gain plus marks. The juniors have been exceptionally helpful in this way and we have depended upon their support a great deal.

Both of us wish to extend our thanks to the members of MacDonald for making this year so enjoyable. We are happy to have been the house prefects and we wish everyone the best of luck in the future. We wish our successors on MacDonald the same loyal support as we have had.

ANN HODGINS
JOAN MACKAY

MONTCALM

The members of Montcalm have been very enthusiastic and co-operative, and have helped to make this a most successful year for all of us.

In the inter-house competitions we have done very well. We should like to thank all the members of our house for their splendid co-operation, especially the Juniors, who have helped so much with the pluses.

May we wish you all the best of luck in the future, and may the Prefects of 1950 enjoy their year as much as we have done ours.

Good-bye, and good luck always.

G. GREENING
N. ROBERTSON

RIDEAU

This year nearly one-third of Rideau were newcomers. Both old and new girls have contributed a great deal to the House. They have entered competition with enthusiasm and have been able to hold their own in all activities. Rideau has its share of outstanding athletes. We also want to thank the juniors, who are among our best workers.

Good luck in the future, Rideau. We have been very proud to be your Prefects.

D. KINGSMILL
N. RYLEY



MISS KEYZER

In her twenty years at King's Hall, Miss Keyzer has handled with efficiency and dispatch her official tasks as gym teacher, then gym teacher and secretary combined, and finally school secretary. It would be impossible to do more than suggest here the great variety of matters that have come under her supervision and direction—tickets, taxis, telegrams and tactics; baggage checks, cheques, and chocolate bars; stamps, soccer and stencils. The Old Girls of the past twenty years could probably continue this list, for our knowledge of Miss Keyzer's activities is rather limited. We do not know whether she has ever cooked the dinner, acted as night watchman, or stoked the furnaces, but we are fairly certain that she has done everything else at some time in her career at King's Hall.

The stock reply to any question that arises is, 'Ask Miss Keyzer.' This time we are 'asking Miss Keyzer' to accept this as a vote of thanks for all she has done for us as individuals and for King's Hall as a whole, past and present. May your next twenty years at King's Hall be easier.

Form Reports

A RECIPE FOR FUN

VI A has had a good year and a lot of fun so we thought we'd pass along our foolproof recipe. Let's compare ourselves to a cake and see what happens. When you find two cooks like Pris and Joan, take the Form's Sarah Bernhardts Jane, Cinnie, Betty Lou and Clair, throw in three good eggs like Bunty, D.A. and Sandra who did such a good job on the Library this year, then sweeten to taste with the voices of Val, Nim and Mary Ellen. A pinch of Muftie, Jill and Kenn's hot air will make it rise if our sports-minded Robb, Dee, Susan and Teak put all they have into beating. Willa, Joy and Jeannie will make a masterpiece of the icing which should be sprinkled well with nuts like Kitty, Pat, Barbara, Nancy and Ketchoo. This recipe has been approved by the K.H.C. experimental kitchens and the flavour is guaranteed to last for years.

"VI B"

If you ever happen to be standing near the fire escape door in the junior wing at King's Hall at the hour of three p.m., it would be most advisable for you to back up a few paces, put a book before your face for protection, and hope for the best. When you hear a bell ring, you will know that the time has come for the door which is labeled "VI B" to burst open and a class of twenty-seven, shall we say "ladies" to make its exit in what is supposed to be a fairly orderly line.

The door is open! They are on the way! We duck as a running-shoe precedes Sally Thorpe and Jean Lindsey who seem to have forgotten their senses. Claire and Di Taylor are having a short game of pitch and catch amidst a cloud of chalk dust which is floating out of the door after Val, Pam, Barbara and Kathy who seem to be the only ones under control! As Mary walks out with her hair looking rather mussed, after having done a skilful handstand, she is just missed by a chalk brush that Anne Henderson hurled at poor Patsy in the confusion.

A voice (it sounds like Eve's) can be heard frantically calling, "What was the word we had to look up for Miss Gillard? Quick somebody tell me!" Then as Judy Morrell, the Sports Captain, trips out of the door putting a bobby-pin in her

hair, she answers, "It was something beginning with "D"—meretricious" I think."

If we are able to summon up enough courage we could peek in the door and see Jean Chaplin with her pocket dictionary saying, "I'll find it!"

Sharwood, Morton and Co. have taken it upon themselves to make a dash for the door, nearly knocking over poor Beverly, who is trying to draw a dainty form on the board. Joan, running out the door yells, "Getting a letter today!" Enid, while fixing her pageboy, asks in a somewhat desperate tone, "Anyone going skiing this afternoon?" From the back of the room, we hear a voice demanding, "Everybody please be quiet!" We turn around to see Sheila standing determinedly with her mouth open ready to shout again as Jane passes her with a giggle.

Liz and Anne Boright with a loud guffaw at the antics of Fry and Smith as they fall through the door, come wandering out leaving a large gap in the line. Sarah coughs, adjusts her sling, and brings up the rear with a wide grin on her face.

No more? Everything seems so quiet! But wait. one solitary bedraggled form limps out into the hall. She tries desperately to call, but she has no voice. It is poor Margot, our Form Captain; she sighs and follows the last few stragglers in the line.

Miss Macdonald has our sincere sympathy; the trials and tribulations of a VI B Form mistress are enough to make the angels weep.

THE COTTAGE

The Cottage is the home of the III B's, the IV B's and some of the V B's. The House Mothers last term were Mrs. Bannell and Mrs. Johnson. In November Mrs. Bannell left. We were very sorry to see her go, although we were glad to welcome Mrs. Thissen back the second term.

At Christmas there was a party given for some of the Staff. Games were played and refreshments were served. "Santa" came and distributed the presents. Altogether it was a great success.

We are very pleased that the Junior Library has been moved to the Cottage. The Library has over a hundred books, all of which prove very good. In all, the Cottage is a very cheerful place.

HEATHER ANDERSON,
JILL WOODS.

THE VA FORM REPORT

This year, our first in high school, has been a very successful one. The first term, eleven new girls joined us, nearly doubling our "population." These new girls, as well as several of our old girls, made us a very cosmopolitan form, as you will see. Among the new girls are Siri Strom, who was originally Norwegian but who lives now in Vermont, and Glory Caridi from Colombia, South America. We have also Tony Williams, an "aristocrat" from Toronto; "Thumper" (Anne) Thornton, from New Jersey; Ann English, who moves about, but whose home at present is in New Hampshire; Heather Rogers who lives in Ottawa; Myrne Harris from Beaupre; Mary Gilmour from Hamilton; Ruth Townend from Quebec; "Shippy" (Barbara) Shipman, from Donnacona; Ann Henderson who lives partly in Toronto and partly at the Seignory Club; and several others from Montreal and vicinity. The Form Captain in the Autumn term was Siri Strom, in the Winter one, Tony Williams, and for our Spring term, Heather Rogers. However, though we are such a varied group, we have all managed to become very good friends. (That is, most of the time!)

As far as sports are concerned we have had a good year, too. We have played a great deal of soccer, baseball, basketball, and a bit of tennis. We hope that many of us will be on the soccer teams next year.

Much of our free time has been spent on the upper-corridor. We have all had a happy time there, and wish to join in thanking Mrs. Watt for making bed-time such a pleasant recreation after a busy day!

Now there is one more thing I would like to say. There is a certain person, who, though our desks were never straight, and our boards seldom clean, has shown great patience and understanding throughout the year; that person is Miss Hughes. Miss Hughes, as you read this, just imagine the twenty-one of us all saying together, "Thank you, Miss Hughes!"

HEATHER ALLAN, V A

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

This year we welcomed Miss Michaud from the University of Montreal, and also four new students, Jill Chaplin, Diana Smith, Joan Frewin, and Priscilla Moores. We hope you have all enjoyed your year as much as the old students, Joy Paton and Joan MacKay, enjoyed having you.

We have had a very interesting year in making delicious food in Cooking, and in making dresses, blouses and many other things in Sewing. We were very sorry that Joy was sick during the Christmas holidays and was not able to come back until the end of the Easter Term.

We are sorry that Miss Michaud is leaving us to take another year at the University of Montreal. Before she goes we want to felicitate her on her recent engagement, to wish her every happiness in the future, and to thank her for a most interesting year.

This year Joy and Joan graduate from the Domestic Science course. We wish both of them luck in whatever they do next year.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE '49



The School Year

THE ADASKAN RECITAL

We were privileged, on the evening of February 16, to hear a recital by Harry Adaskan, accompanied on the piano by his wife, the former Frances Marr.

The main work of the evening was Beethoven's violin concerto in D major. Mr. Adaskan explained the different parts of the concerto, especially the form of the first movement, with a detail and clarity that enabled everyone to listen more intelligently. In spite of its length—forty-five minutes—Mr. Adaskan's playing of the concerto completely captivated our attention. As a contrast to the Beethoven, he played for a second group four short pieces in modern style; of these we most enjoyed the Novelette by Sibelius and the Copeland hoe-down.

In her own field as accompanist, Mrs. Adaskan was equally dynamic and versatile. Together they played with such complete unity and apparent ease that we enjoyed listening to them just as much as they seemed to enjoy playing for us.

Before they left the next day, Mr. and Mrs. Adaskan played several pieces by modern Canadian composers. While we found this idiom somewhat hard to understand, we were glad to have the opportunity of hearing the Adaskans play once more.

THE GIRLS' AUXILIARY

For two years King's Hall has been a member of the Girls' Auxiliary, but this is the first year that it has been an active member. Mrs. Church very kindly came over from Coaticook and explained what the various branches of the G.A. were doing; since then a group of the girls from V A, VI B, and VI A with Elizabeth Creery as president, have been holding monthly meetings with Mrs. Church. During July and August there are going to be G.A. camps at Lake Massawippi.

In January we were honoured in having Mrs. Carrington, wife of our Archbishop, come to the school to tell us about the work that the G.A. is doing in Europe. Besides this work in Europe, the G.A. helps to support missionaries in China, Japan, and the Arctic. This year it has also been sending articles to the Aklavik Hospital in the

Arctic, and food parcels to a young clergyman's family in Wales. We are glad to be able to share actively in this important work.

DR. BROUH'S RECITAL

Unexpectedly, on November 2, George Brough, the noted English Doctor of Music came to Compton to give a piano programme.

Before each selection, he gave a short explanation of what he was going to play. After his first group taken from the classical composers, he included several of the lighter works of Debussy and Chopin. Of particular interest were Beethoven's Sonata Pathetique and Liszt's Concert Etude in D Flat. He showed his pleasing flexibility of style in ranging from the delicate classicism of Scarlatti to the subtle impressionism of Debussy.

Upon first coming to Canada, he was on the staff of the Halifax Conservatory of Music, but is now studying and teaching in Toronto.

SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER'S HAMLET

A welcome break in routine came on January 26, when we saw Sir Laurence Olivier's Hamlet at the Premier Theatre, in Sherbrooke.

From the very beginning, we were drawn by the intensity of Hamlet in contrast to the pathos of Ophelia. Certain vivid details will remain in our memories: the ghost in a swirl of mist, Hamlet's soliloquy, his emotional scenes with Ophelia and his mother, the reaction of Claudius to the play, and Polinius' humour. Most haunting was the vast and dark scenery which set the mood of the play.

MRS. CARRINGTON'S VISIT

On Jan. 23, Mrs. Carrington, wife of Archbishop Carrington, talked to us about her trip to Europe. Among many interesting episodes, she described her interview with Princess Elizabeth at Buckingham Palace. Her address also included a detailed account, with illustrations, of her visit to Holland and Germany. These pictures, showing frightened children and the destruction in Germany, made us realize more vividly what conditions are like in European countries today. Our many questions must have proved to Mrs. Carrington how immensely we had enjoyed her talk. We are looking forward to her next visit.

RELIGIOUS FILMS

Each Sunday evening in Lent this year, we were shown a film on the Holy Land or on various Biblical or religious subjects. Each film consisted of a series of short pictures in colour; many of these were photographed in Palestine. One showed the conflict between Jews and Arabs in Palestine at the present time; another dramatized the story of how a soldier who had been lost in the African jungle was saved by a Christian native. Often the words of a hymn were printed on the screen so that the school might join the singing. The pictures were varied, and gave us a clearer idea of the Bible stories and their background.

THE MATRIC ENTERTAINMENT

Hallowe'en week-end finally arrived and with it the long-looked-forward-to Matric entertainment. The annual event planned and produced by the Matrics themselves, was based on the amusing dream of a sailor on the H.M.C.S. Dreamboat. The dream consisted of glimpses of his varied experiences in Paris, Scotland, the Orient, and England.

Tina Mackeen, having on very short notice taken the part of the sailor who was also master of ceremonies, kept the entire audience laughing throughout the production.

One of the most outstanding scenes was that in which Sheila McEachran did a very effective ballet dance with a few others. Having personally planned and directed the dance, Sheila displayed a great deal of talent which was most definitely appreciated by all.

When the sailor drew a deep sigh and dreamed about Paris, we said to ourselves, "No wonder!" as we caught sight of Joy Paton singing a beautiful French song, "Vous qui passez sans me voir." In the same scene, Pris Wanklyn played the part of a typical organ grinder trying his utmost to sell his colourful balloons to the passers-by.

There were several short skits which were very cleverly done by those who took part in them. One was entitled "Anything you can do" sung by Anne Hodgins and Tina Mackeen. Pippa Osler and Nancy Robertson produced a comedy duet and also Joan Foster and Polly Ann Lindsay. Shirley Fellows gave a very convincing portrayal of a Scotsman.

Our snoozing sailor was more than charmed by

the amazing ability of the chorus line in which Joan Foster and Co. participated.

Light and graceful, Marilyn Wong presented the dance, Malaguena, which proved to be both fascinating and mysterious.

To say that *The Rehearsal* scene was comical would be a gross understatement. Between Andrea Russell as Shakespeare and Polly Ann Lindsay as Macbeth, they had us all roaring with laughter.

The effective finale was staged by Pris Wanklyn and Linda Ballantyne, and "God Save the King" was played by the H.M.C.S. Dreamboat orchestra.

The play was successfully directed by Linda Ballantyne and Pris Wanklyn, while the scenery was arranged by Cynthia Scott, Anne Pangman, Shirley Fellows, and Janet Partridge.

The very efficient organization behind the scenes was done by Anne Trenholme and Mary Jane Hutchison.

THE TEMPEST

On February 9, we went over to Bishop's College School to see their production of *The Tempest*. It was very well done, and we enjoyed it immensely. The cast was very good. Anthony Abbott played Prospero, while Timothy Porteous deserves special credit for the way in which he played Miranda, since he had to substitute for Robin Berlyn at short notice. Michael McCulloch, as Ariel, had us gasping at his dextrous acrobatics. Donald Lawrence was good as Ferdinand, and Malcolm Evans and Jimmy Huggessen amused the audience with their antics.

Both sound effects and scenery were excellent, especially in the first scene. As usual, B.C.S. presented a most polished production.

THE DANCES

The first dance of this year was held at Bishop's College School, on the Monday of Thanksgiving week-end.

Our annual school dance took place in mid-November. The decoration committee, headed by Miss Inwood, provided us with a Colonial setting, complete with pillars, and portraits on the walls. The music was, as usual, supplied by Giz Gagnon and his orchestra.

During the Easter Term Bishop's entertained a few of the girls at a Chalet dance, which the boys appropriately named "The Snow Ball."

LITERARY CLUB

The second year of the Literary Club has been confined to the Matrics only but there has been a large and regular attendance. The most regular members have been Priscilla Wanklyn, Janet Partridge, Andrea Russell, Sheila McEachran, Geoghan Greening, Ann Hodgins and Cynthia Scott, but there are many others who come from time to time. The first meeting of the year was opened by Katherine Paterson, an old girl who started the Literary Club in 1947. Selections of Modern Poetry are read and discussed; T. S. Eliot, D. H. Lawrence, Hart Crane and, in a lighter vein, Walter de la Mare, form the backbone of all discussions. We have also read Elizabeth Drew's *Discovering Poetry*, and have discussed her ideas in relation to the various authors. The most enjoyable evenings were those in which the members got into heated debates; these arguments are frequent and very popular.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Miss MacLennan for her interest in the Literary Club. Through our reading, and the interchange of ideas and interpretations, we have all gained a wider knowledge and greater appreciation of modern poetry.

THE PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

Again this year Miss Wallace has inspired a large group with her own enthusiasm for photography. Almost every Monday evening, after prep, we have learned to develop and print pictures with quite credible results. Thank you, Miss Wallace, for such useful and fascinating evenings.

THE MUSIC CLUB

The Music Club, during its second year at K.H.C. has met on Thursday evenings in Miss Vaughan's studio.

Each evening of the first term was devoted to either one instrument or to a section of the orchestra. We heard records using each particular instrument that we had discussed.

During the second term, rhythms and different types of compositions were explained and again illustrated with records.

We were also greatly privileged to hear Miss Vaughan play the piano for us on these occasions, and we wish to thank her for making the club possible.

CURRENT EVENTS

Every Friday night the Matrics and VI A's meet with Miss Morris to catch up on world news. These meetings keep us up to date on the important events taking place each week, and the main topics of interest such as Russia, Palestine, and the Atlantic Pact are discussed. We would like to thank Miss Morris for many very instructive evenings.

SPECIAL ART

A most successful year has just been completed by the Special Art group under the excellent supervision of Miss Inwood.

During the fall term, when the weather permitted, the classes were held outdoors. Many lovely water colour landscapes were produced as a result. Original Hallowe'en and dance decorations were made by this group with great enthusiasm.

When Christmas drew near there were many demands for hand made cards. Miss Inwood suggested linoleum cuts which turned out most successfully.

In between special occasions the class did clay modelling, and still life in water colour and oil paint. One or two days were devoted to drawing from real life, aiming for rhythm and accuracy.

Valentine cards were a specialty this year and some beautiful ones were made.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Inwood for the interest which she showed in our work and for all the extra time she spent on helping us with our several projects during the course of the year.

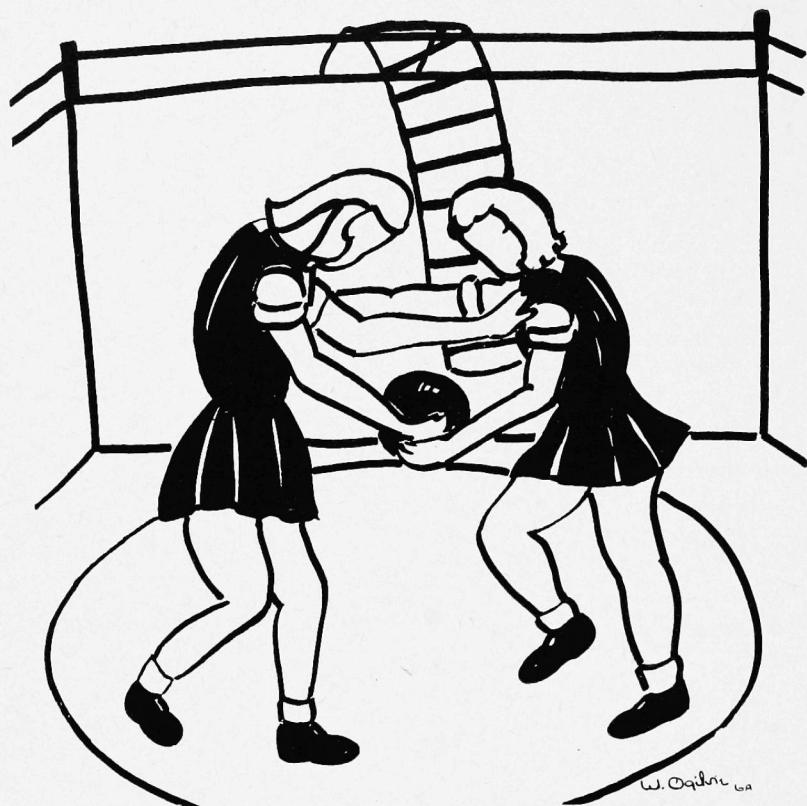
LIBRARY REPORT

This year the work of the library has been most successful. We have bought and been given nearly a hundred new books which have been a welcome addition to the shelves.

A new system of cataloging and checking the books, which was worked out by Dolly Ann Arnold, has been very useful and has made the work of the library committee much easier.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss MacLennan and Miss Hughes for all the help and advice that they have given us. We would also like to thank the Library Committee, headed by Priscilla Wanklyn, for giving up so much of their time in the evenings, to work on the Library.

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This year's sports have been varied. The first game of the Fall Term was soccer. Form and House games were played. There were equal scores for all the Houses, while the Form games were close. We played soccer at Stanstead and played a return game here. Our junior and senior teams won on both occasions, although Stanstead was hard to beat. After the soccer season, we played speed-ball, which is a combination of basketball and soccer.

While the soccer teams were practising, Miss Hammer taught the rest of the school Danish games; these required more concentration than our own games. We also had form baseball games under Miss Hammer's supervision. During the latter half of the Fall Term, Mrs. Swanick came to give tennis lessons. These were sometimes held in the gym because of the cold weather.

At the end of the Fall Term, the ground was too wet for soccer and the tennis courts became covered with ice. Our sports were then restricted to ping-pong and occasional basketball games or swimming in the evening.

There was no skiing during the first weeks of the Winter Term, but the skating was good. When the snow finally came, there were excellent skiing

conditions for about six weeks. A group of Matrics were taken to Hillcrest one afternoon. There seemed to be increased interest in skiing this winter, for the hill was crowded almost every day. This year, we also used the hill behind the church where some could practise their turns in seclusion.

The swimming pool was used extensively in the Winter Term. One Saturday morning, form teams raced against each other. There were side-stroke, breast-stroke, crawl, back-crawl and relay races as well as floating and under-water swimming contests. The form which won the most points was VI A.

The Final Term's sports were good. On sunny days the tennis courts were always in use, while on rainy afternoons the form and house basketball games were played. The badminton and tennis tournaments are about to begin.

With so many athletes and good sports in the school, next year's games should be well played. Thank you, Miss Keyzer and Miss Hammer, for a very successful year.

ANDREA RUSSELL,
Sports Captain.

BASKETBALL

A very successful series of basketball games was carried out between the competing forms this year. All the teams played well, and as the games progressed, it became evident that in the lower forms there are several future stars. Among the outstanding players were Cynthia Roberts, Deirdre Molson, Janet Fry and Ann Henderson, Jr. The results of the games were as follows:

Matric vs 6B	24-16 for Matric
Matric vs 5A	28-10 for Matric
6A vs 6B	18-17 for 6A
Matric vs 6A	14-13 for Matric

The Matrics, being undefeated in their three games, have earned the title of school champions.

It is hoped that next year the basketball will be as good as it was this year.

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SOCcer REPORT

This year we had another opportunity to play Stanstead College. The Juniors brought us the most goals 6-0, and the Seniors 2-0. In the return game we were again victorious, 10-0 for the Juniors and 4-2 for the Seniors. For additional practice before the games we had our inter-form and inter-house matches, besides an exciting game Brunettes vs Blondes, in which the Brunettes carried off the title. The season ended in a tie, each house having two points. In the inter-form games Matric and VI were very close. We have a most promising Junior team for next year.

MRS. SWANICK

In the autumn we were fortunate enough to have Mrs. Swanick, an English tennis professional, visit us for a week, to give lessons to many enthusiastic tennis players.

The first four lessons had to be taken in the gymnasium because of bad weather, but we were able to use the courts for the remaining time. As we were taught in groups of four, Mrs. Swanick gave us individual criticism and many helpful pointers for the development of our game.

Before leaving, she gave us a short talk, and some basic notes on tennis. We all felt that we had improved a great deal, and were left with plenty to practise. We do hope that Mrs. Swanick will be able to return to us next year.

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THE SWIMMING MEET

On March 19, our many swimming enthusiasts were offered a chance to show their skill. Each form from VB through Matric produced a team, while the sides of the pool were lined with anxious spectators. The forms cheered for their entries encouragingly as the crawl, side-stroke, free-style and breast-stroke races took place.

The fact that the competitors were so very equal made the meet the more exciting and enjoyable.

When the points were totalled, VI A proved to be the winner, only to be followed by Matric in a very close second place while VI B came third and V A and V B tied.

The swimming meet was such a success, that we are looking forward to next year's similar event with marked anticipation.



HISTORICAL SKETCH OF KING'S HALL

The Rev. Joseph Dinzey, Rector of Compton, with the sanction of the Bishop of Quebec, undertook the task of building Compton Ladies' College. The school was opened in September, 1874. At that time there were six resident and ten day pupils. Two years later the number of pupils had increased to sixty, of whom forty-five resided in the school. For the first ten years of its existence the school was managed by The Rev. Mr. Dinzey, who was assisted by Mrs. Dinzey and two other teachers.

The school was closed from 1884 to 1886. The reason for closing appears to have been lack of financial support. During the first year after re-opening, Miss Holland, Miss Tiffany and Miss Ross were in charge. In 1887 Mrs. Prime was appointed Lady Principal. She was followed in 1891 by Miss Cochrane, whose successor was Miss Browse. In 1901 Miss Gena Smith became the Principal, and in 1905, Miss Laura Joll. The name of the school was then changed to King's Hall. Under Miss Joll the school made steady progress and attained its present high standing. Because of failing health Miss Joll retired in 1928, after twenty-three years of self-sacrificing work among the girls whose esteem and love she had won. She died less than three years after her resignation. Her portrait, painted by Mrs. S. Gould, hangs in the Library. Miss Julia Tugwell succeeded Miss Joll in 1928, but her health broke down and she resigned before the completion of her second year. She was succeeded in September 1930 by Miss Adelaide Gillard, under whom the best traditions of King's Hall have been upheld during the last nineteen years.

Between 1919 and 1937 a number of additions were made to the school building and property. In 1919 building began on a gymnasium and senior class rooms to the east; this first gymnasium is now the Prep Hall. The north wing was started in 1922, and in 1937 the east wing was extended by the addition of the present gymnasium, the swimming pool and the infirmary. The Trustees purchased, in 1936, about seventy acres of land, with buildings, adjoining the school property on the south west, and thirteen acres of land on the east side of the Hereford Road. The school now owns a modernly equipped farm on this land. At the same time a large field near the school was levelled and made into a playing-field for ground hockey and soccer. These additions make the property about one hundred and fifty acres.

King's Hall has always had a devoted and distinguished group of gentlemen on its governing board. Among them, the name and memory of Dr. Robert Campbell holds an honoured place. Dr. Campbell was a member of the Board for twenty-five years. Not only did he play an important part in drawing up the constitution when the school was re-organized under its present name, but he supervised the remodelling and extension of the old school building at considerable personal expense. The name of Mr. James Mackinnon is another which will long be remembered, and in his death in 1937 the school sustained a great loss. He had been a member of the Corporation since 1905, and his kindly advice had always been at the disposal of the Principal and The Board of Trustees. After many years of invaluable service on the Board, Mr. Robert Newton died in 1943. Among the many who gave their talents generously for King's Hall, these gentlemen will be remembered with special affection and esteem.

Very closely bound to the school is the Old Girls' Association, formed in 1928. Since its inception it has always had one representative on the Corporation. The first representative was Miss Evelyn Porteous, while the present representative is Mrs. Reid. Reunions attended by large numbers of former pupils were held at the school in 1932, 1937 and 1947.

From the time the school was founded the pupils have attended the parish church, and the Rector of Compton has been the Chaplain of the school. The Rev. G. H. Parker was the Rector from the time of the school's founding until 1907. Mr. Parker was succeeded by the Rev. J. S. Brewer. When Mr. Brewer resigned in 1925 the Board requested that the Chaplain should become a member of the school staff and that the use of the church as the school chapel should be officially recognized. This was done, and the parsonage and glebe land were purchased by the Trustees. Canon Eardley-Wilmot succeeded Mr. Brewer, to be followed in 1938 by Canon A. R. Kelley. Canon Kelley was Rector and school Chaplain until his retirement in 1948. He and Mrs. Kelley were active participants in all school functions and always showed a keen and kindly interest in the King's Hall pupils.

(Much of the above information was taken from "The Historical Sketch of King's Hall" by Canon A. R. Kelley.)



THEN AND NOW (A Phantasy)

EARLY MORNING

Annabel awoke with a start as something hard fell to the floor with a clatter.

"Sorry," murmured Maude, one of her room-mates, "but anyway it's high time you got up. Edith rang the bell a whole ten minutes ago."

It was Maude's turn to collect the warming bricks and to put them at the head of the stairs and she had let one of them drop as she was going out the door. "Imagine! I didn't even hear a tinkle," Annabel said, disappearing under the bedclothes.

It was mid-December and the room was anything but warm. Jenny, the third inhabitant of the room, was already washing. "How's the water this morning?" asked Annabel as she rolled out of bed.

"Icy," replied Jenny.

Annabel looked in her water pitcher. The water had turned to sheet ice on top. When she had cracked it and poured some into the basin it took all her courage to dab a few drops on her lovely English complexion.

"I just have an awful feeling that I won't make breakfast this morning," said Annabel as she pulled her chemise over her head and tucked it into the long bloomers. Jenny, who was never very talkative in the early hours of the morning, said nothing.

All of a sudden a flock of girls rushed in the door and formed a line at the foot of Jenny's bed. This was the corset queue. The girls had discovered that Jenny's bedpost was by far the best one for support as they helped one another to reduce their waistlines to a charming eighteen inches.

"Annabel, do help me with mine," begged Jenny, and then, "Ouch, I said help me, not strangle me," as Annabel gave the strings a ferocious tug. Then the room was quiet once more when Maude came rushing back.

"I stopped to gossip on the way, and forgot all about time," she gasped, out of breath.

Jenny and Annabel were already putting on their several petticoats—frills were strictly forbidden.

"Goodness, you're both so far on—and I can't be late. I was the first one up!" shrieked Maude. Annabel's reply was muffled as she

pulled her high-necked shirtwaist over her head. "Stockings are such a bother," complained Maude, struggling with her woolen ones.

"I do get so sick of these navy blue serge skirts. I mean, why not wear red ones at least one day in the week?"

"I quite agree with you Annabel," said Jenny adjusting her wide belt. "Do move your head a little to the right, Jenny," said Annabel who was trying to locate a vague resemblance to herself in their one small glass so that she could straighten the matching tie and hair bow which completed her ensemble. Grunts came from the other side of the room as Maude struggled alone with her corset.

"Oh do help me," she cried.

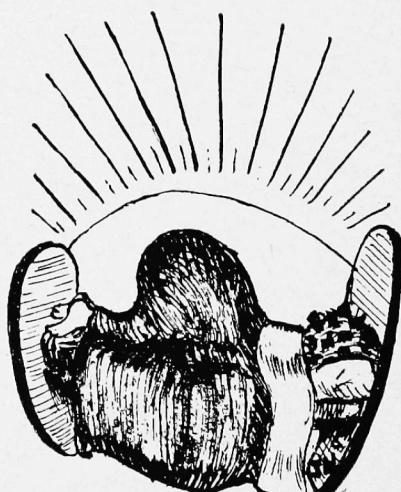
Her room-mates paid absolutely no attention except to chant, "Maude will be late for breakfast," over and over to themselves.

Annabel and Jenny were soon absorbed with buttoning up their boots; this was an endless task that invariably made them all late for breakfast.

"I think you're perfectly hateful—and by the way if your warming brick is missing tonight don't be surprised."

The bell rang and Jenny and Annabel leapt for the stairs, leaving Maude alone with the misery of the buttoned shoes.

LINDA BALLANTYNE, Matrie.



THE SAGA OF THE SPORTS

The thrilling story of gym and sports at King's Hall through the ages.

SCENE I

Scene I takes place in a large, well-lighted gym. It is the year 1949. Dangerous looking apparatus hangs from the ceiling or is supported by the walls. Numerous girls, clad neatly in short tunics and white blouses are performing astonishing feats of acrobatics and balance. Just as a girl executes a neat "wolf-vault" over the horse there is a fadeout to.....

SCENE II

Seventy-five years earlier. This scene takes place in what is now the attic. The room is rather small and the floor boards creak ominously as the girls move about. They are clad in high buttoned-boots, long serge skirts and white shirt-waists. Each carries a book under her arm. Miss Brown, the gym mistress speaks.

"Now, young ladies, place your books on your heads and walk gracefully about the room in time to the music (she signals to the pianist who begins to play a suitable piece) "Slowly and gracefully, young ladies. That is it. Keep your shoulders erect."

As the young girls walk carefully about with the books on their heads, the expression on Miss Brown's face indicates that she is making a very difficult decision.

Finally she takes a deep breath and announces in bold tones, "Young ladies, I'm going to allow you to run today!" (The girls gasp in excitement and the pianist looks shocked) "All right, Miss Grey; piano please."

Miss Grey commences the Chopin Funeral March and the young ladies begin to run. The camera travels across the room and finally focuses on an open window, through which we can see the Great Outdoors. Several girls stroll sedately about, while others are playing a dainty game of tennis, dressed in long white skirts, broad belts and the newest blouses with high stiff collars. Their complexions are protected from the sun by sailor hats. One of the players daringly executes a swift backhand shot. The bold manoeuvre is unfortunately seen by one of the mistresses and the girl is requested to leave the tennis court.

SCENE III

The scene shifts, and we realize that it is fifty years later. The lawn tennis court has been converted into a hockey field, and a game is in progress. The girls are wearing long-waisted serge jumpers. They crack one another on the shins to the accompaniment of the tinkle of a piano, which comes through the open window of the 'Prep Hall.' The resounding thuds which accompany the piano assure us that one of the gym classes is either performing a Morris dance or swaying about in time to the music. The scene blurs and there is a fadeout to.....

SCENE IV

Which takes place in the big gym of Scene I. With a sigh of relief we settle back to the strenuous occupation of watching somebody do a flying angel on the rings.

A DANCE IN 1888

It is a frosty November evening in 1888. Have you heard? Bishop's College School is about to give a party.

Mrs. Prime, Lady Principal of Compton Ladies' College, has sent her girls to the third floor to prepare for the event. Miranda Crockwell stands, half-clad, in the darkened hall-way, as the elements swirl about the walls, making the lamps flicker.

"Miss Tiffaney," she chatters inaudibly, "I can't go to-night."

"Why, dear?" asks Miss Tiffaney kindly.

"Because my blue sash flew out the window when I wasn't looking, and, (bending over to whisper in Miss Tiffaney's ear) "I cannot appear in my skirt without it."

Miss Tiffaney looks awed; but only for a moment. A glorious solution comes into her head. She takes Miranda by the hand, who follows her padding down the hall-way.

From Matilda Popham's and Elizabeth Green's room, a screech resounds, along the hall.

"Stop it; I say! I won't wear it! Here, you two, stop shrieking; you'll blow out that candle," says Matilda.

"Oh look, Lizzie; she can't get it on and she can't get it off!" shouts Clara who stands

indecently at the doorway swinging a towel and wash-basin in either hand. A spark of sympathy begins to shine in Clara's eyes.

"Lizzie," says she, "We haven't much time. Give me a hand with Matilda's shift."

They pull.

"Who's stolen my gloves?" screams Gertrude from the other end of the passage.

Somewhere along the echoing corridors, a bell chimes. There is complete silence. Light by light, the rooms become blackness. Heeled slippers click down the hall-way, down the stairs.

Mrs. Prime holds a candle to inspect her girls as they pass through the front door into the windy night.

"Matilda, your skirt is far too short. However"

"Miranda, what a sensible idea! Wherever did you find such a fascinating musket-sling? It makes an excellent belt." (Smiles from Miss Tiffaney: "I spent three years in the Wild West, you know.")

Mrs. Prime, peering at the last girl to leave, says, "Gertrude—a beautiful blue sash—charming," and now addressing them all, "Off you go, and remember, one-two-three, one-two-three: don't step on their toes. It makes things most unpleasant; and if they step on yours, just pretend you've tripped."

Into the carriages they climb. Parasols go up—one, two, three, four, five, six—(Gertrude pretends to have forgotten hers). They set off at a fast pace. Lizzie loses her parasol and Gertrude's stockings begin to fall down. (No other mishaps.)

B.C.S. is in sight! Quick! That's right! Dust off your shoes; pat your hair-do; start smiling! There you are! Now, leap out, everyone.

Everything seems to lose its identity in the bright glow which issues from the open doors.

"Hello, Nicholas."

"Miss Greene, how ravishing you look!"

(Whispers) "Go on up and speak to her."

(Gulping) "Hello, Elizabeth."

"Oh, Hello there, Frederick; I'd like you to meet my roommate, Matilda Poppham. Good-bye, you two!"

"Oh, Theodore, how I have anticipated this moment!" (Giggles and shuffling.)

Suddenly the court and steps are empty. Miranda Crockwell stands there, forlorn and dust-covered. (Gertrude found she needed a parasol on the way.)

"I wish I hadn't come at all. Oh, dear, oh, dear; I hate parties! Why am I incapable of saying the right things?"

"Miranda, I had no idea you were coming," says a hoarse voice from the shadows by the steps.

"Oh Elroy, I never thought I would be glad to see you."

In the light of the doorway, Elroy says, "How thoughtful of your father to lend you his hunting belt!"

"One-two-three, one-two-three," replies Miranda.

Music plays. Round and round and round they go.

"One-two-three, and one-two-three, and one-two-three-four. No, that's wrong. Start again. One-two-three. There! Have some punch?"

"Oh no, thank you, Theodore, I never touch punch."

Round and round and round.

"How would you like a sandwich?"

"Oh, no, no, no thank you."

Round and round and round.

"Zounds, I tripped. Sorry, Elizabeth."

"Getting dizzy, Nicholas?"

"The next dance will be the last." (Cheers from the groundlings and dirty looks from the seniors.) The spinet clinks and the viola slides from note to note. Round and round and round and round. (Clapping of hands and polite murmurings.)

"Thank you so much. It's been delightful. Yes, I'm sure I can get my shoe repaired."

The carriages clatter at the gate.

"Goodbye." (Waving and tossing of handkerchiefs) "Gertrude, you'll be left behind. Watch your stockings! That's it." There is much gossiping within, as the carriages creak away towards Compton. Compton Ladies' College is within view. There is sighing. Mrs. Prime greets them.

"Well girls, I hope you've had a very pleasant evening. There is cocoa and toast in my pantry. Wait a moment! Miranda's going off

with the coachman. Someone—run and wake her up. Poor dear, come in and revive yourself. Why Miranda, where is that beautiful musket-sling?"

"Elroy Withers has it for a souvenir. His father is a friend of Daniel Boone's."

"Good-night," says Mrs. Prime. "Go up to bed quietly. No banging on the walls or discourse of any sort. Gertrude, I think you have had enough toast."

"Good-night."

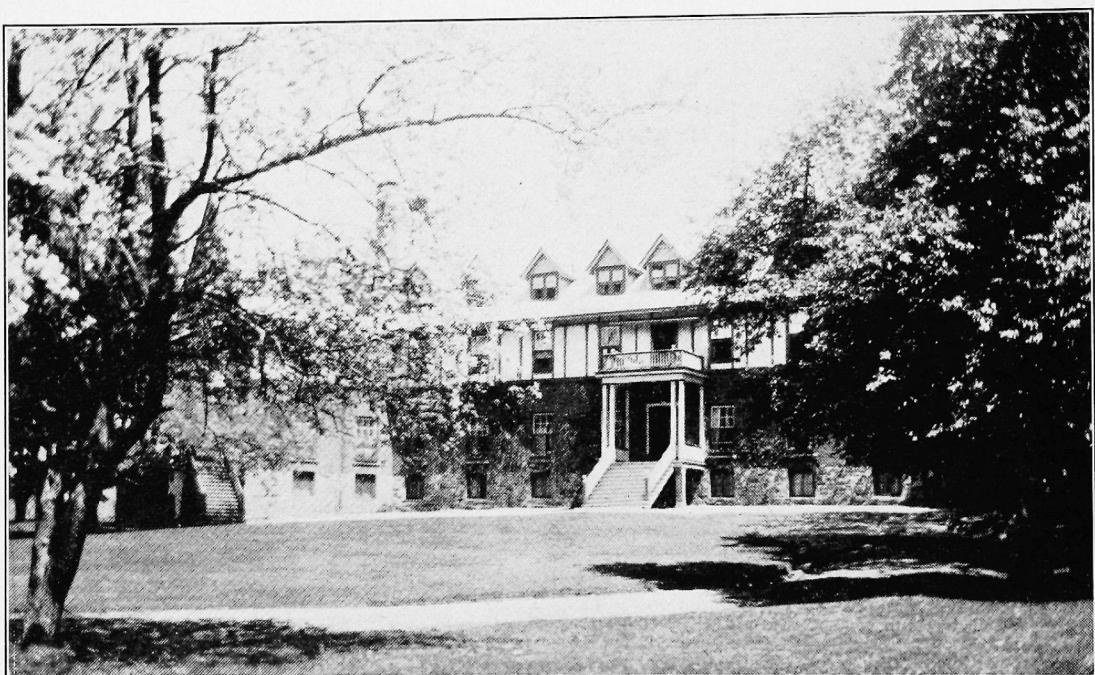
ANDREA RUSSELL

A LETTER FROM BISHOP WILLIAMS

When I was a boy, about seventeen years old, at Bishop's College School, I can remember going to a dance at what was then known as Compton Ladies' College. I am not sure of the exact date but it was about 1877 which must have been shortly after the school was started. I was head prefect at B. C. S. The head master, the Reverend Charles Badgsley, put me in charge of about twenty boys who were allowed to go to the party. He gave me strict instructions that we were to be back to Lennoxville by midnight. We drove to Compton in a rather rickety old wagon, drawn by a couple of horses. I cannot remember much about the dance, except that there were about twenty-five girls, some of whom were decidedly pretty, a characteristic which has been conspicuous at Compton from that day to this. All I know is that we had a very good time and enjoyed ourselves.

After the dance we started back in good time, but unfortunately our wagon broke down on the way, and we did not get back to B. C. S. until 1 A.M. We hoped that the head master, whom we called Don Carlos, would have gone to bed, but not a bit of it, he was sitting up waiting for us in a very cross temper. He would not listen to any excuse and informed us that there would be no holiday the next day, which was May 24th, the Queen's birthday, the only whole holiday which we had in the whole year. As you can imagine we all went to bed very crestfallen. However, the next morning, when the head master was in a better mood, he listened to my explanation and we *did* get our whole holiday after all. I wish I could remember more about the dance, but it took place more than seventy years ago, and my memory, in my 90th year, is not up to much.

LENNOX WILLIAMS





Literary

STORM

The green door creaked open. The tall old man entered the house slowly as if hating to leave the clear outside world, still faintly golden with the last rays of a slowly sinking sun, as if hating the very mustiness of this little old house. He came in hesitantly, a battered Gladstone bag in each hand, and, dropping them in the middle of the worn carpet, walked over to the small oak desk in the corner. Slowly he ran his finger along the top of it tracing a path in the dust, and then stared at his dusty finger as though wanting tangible proof that the house was really uninhabited, that no one had been there for the last thirty years.

He walked across the room again to the east window, which looked out over the sea. He sat down on the window seat, not yet daring to relax but feeling slightly more at home.

"I loathe this place," he thought. "It is ironic that I should have to come back here to escape. It is ironic that I should have to be the one to escape, to flee! I am admitting defeat. But what can I do? I had to get away from him. I couldn't stand him any longer. I had to escape from him."

His face twisted with rage and self-loathing.

"Escape! escape! you coward! Why should you always have to be the one to flee? Why should you be hounded from place to place? Just because . . ."

But suddenly, he was a tired old man again.

"Just because you can't stand him. You're too old, your strength has gone and you don't dare stand up to him. You know what would happen if you did."

Trying to forget, he looked out across the lawn. The grass was long and unkempt but it rippled like watered silk in the fresh breeze that had sprung up and was blowing in from the sea, bringing with it clouds of spray. The clutching fingers of the weeds had choked all but the hardiest flowers in the beds, now indistinguishable from the rest of the lawn. But at the edge of the garden, down by the sea wall, a row of hollyhocks, the last of the season, tossed their pink and red heads in the brisk wind and seemed to laugh aloud for joy. The sky was pale blue, while across it huge flouds, castles made of cotton wool, were racing, driven by the wind.

The old man's thoughts returned to the house.

"We met here. Thirty-one years ago. Yes, thirty-one years, less two months. I was nearly forty, but he was younger and stronger. He always had the stronger character, and that satanic charm that could get anything from, do anything with, a weak-spirited person. All I wanted was peace and quiet and to be able to live alone and paint. But he came."

Frantically, the old man tried to forget him. He tried to focus his attention on objects which would give him something else to think about. His eyes travelled around the room, and the room in which he had known so much happiness welcomed him back. He looked at the leather-covered Morris chair beside the fire place, the worn hearth-rug which his mother had woven on a handloom—that was her hobby. The pattern was practically obscured now and dirt had been rubbed into the design of shells which had always seemed incongruous in this room furnished so obviously for a man.

He felt content once more, felt at home. His eyes travelled to the mantel shelf. Then, as he stared horrified at the painting which hung there of the garden and the sea beyond, a painting which bore the signature he knew and hated, his mind started again, racing senselessly around in those never-ending circles.

"He came. And from that time, my happy life fled. He smashed it into pieces. He pretended to be my friend and I even grew fond of him. And then—when he had discovered my secret, the secret that I had tried to hide, the hidden blot which he knew was there and which he was after, which he went after furtively, like a weasel—when he discovered that, everything changed. And he followed me from place to place, demanding money, taking every penny I had. Thirty years of it!"

He looked at the coloured labels on the bags, which still stood forlornly in the middle of the room.

"London, Edinburgh, Naples, Paris, Berlin, Budapest! From place to place he hounded me, always demanding money, always threatening, taunting me because I was powerless to do anything, driving me to drink, spoiling any happiness, any small happiness, that I might find, ridiculing me before my few friends, clinging to me like a parasite, and always driving me on. But he can never find me now; he would never think of looking for me here in the most obvious place.

I don't care if he tells everyone; they will never find me.

"And so, to escape him, I am driven to the place I hate—the place where we first met. I must take refuge here. I must come back to the place I hate and beg it to give me shelter, to hide me. But I can never be happy again; I can never go back to my old life, knowing that he is always behind me, always there in my mind, at least, to destroy any chance of happiness. While he is alive I can never rest."

He looked out of the window. At right angles to the sea wall ran a line of dark fir trees which served as a wind-break. They were bending backwards and forwards, swaying and creaking in the wind which was getting stronger every minute. A storm was coming up. A few feet in front of the firs stood a sturdy old oak tree with a knotted trunk and strong limbs. Its thick green foliage swayed and rustled in the wind like a thousand small voices prophesying the storm to come. This oak was known to be over two hundred years old and it was still thriving.

"He said once that he would follow me as long as that oak lived. And it will live forever. It will live many hundreds of years after I am dead. He will follow me until I die."

The old man stopped thinking for he was tired and weary of life. He sat in the window-seat, his mind drifting, content to remain there without thought or action. Outside, the storm rose, the wind whistled and faint mutterings of thunder could be heard in the distance. The sea pounded at the rocks, flinging itself against the land, and clouds of spray were flung high into the air. The long grass whipped frantically from side to side and the firs, now black, swayed faster and faster, whirling and bowing like frenzied dancers. The oak tree alone remained firm, its upper branches blowing backwards and forwards, but the trunk of the tree firm and strong. Suddenly, unexpectedly, the rain started. It beat at the window pane by the old man's shoulder, but he was oblivious to what was going on outside.

The thunder crashed louder and louder and the lightning flashes became more frequent. Suddenly there was a blinding flash and in its white glare the old man saw the oak tree split from top to bottom. Then darkness closed in again and instantly, a terrifying crash of thunder shook the little house.

The old man was upon his feet in an instant, and flinging open the door he rushed into the dark rainy night. In the lee of the house, the storm did not seem bad but when he turned the corner, the wind struck him with its full force, and he was nearly knocked flat. He struggled across the lawn, lashed by the wind and the rain, his head down. He could taste salt on his lips from the wind-blown spray. Still he forced his way on, for he had to know the truth. He could smell a faint tang of smoke upon the air. He reached the tree. He could feel with his hand that the trunk was standing upright. He felt up and up, running his hand along the rough bark. Suddenly, the trunk stopped. He could feel a jagged edge where it had broken, and beyond that—nothing. Suddenly, a lightning flash illuminated the intense darkness and he saw, in that moment, that he was standing in the midst of fallen leafy branches, and that the oak had been split through the heart and the rest of the tree was lying shattered on the wet grass. Slowly he turned, joy singing in his heart, and scarcely able to believe yet, stumbled back to the house, knowing that he was free.

CYNTHIA SCOTT, Matric

—o—

THE STADIUM FROM FAR AND NEAR

From afar, all that I am able to see of the stadium is an immense wall hovering over streets bustling with activity, and ascending into a dark sky laden with smoke.

From my seat in the interior, I survey an athletic field encircled by intricate tiers of seats and immersed in light. Across its terminating limits scurry numerous stolid figures, one aggregation of mingling colours. To one side of the field, on its outskirts, is a bench which plays hosts to various persons, to some of the players, draped in blankets and clutching helmets, and to others who are merely connected with the contest, such as the coach who industriously briefs his men. My eye is caught by several advertisements strewn across a drab fence bordering the vivid expanse of green. A neon sign that emerges from the inky night, news photographers crouching on the sidelines, the raucous shouts of a vast crowd agog with excitement; these all arouse my interest at a football game at the stadium.

VALERIE Ross, VI B

BALL OF FIRE

It was a rainy evening, and the street lamps glowing in the darkness had a symbolic meaning for the old negress quietly sitting in her rocking chair.

Suddenly, a tiny child climbed upon her knee, and as the old woman caressed her head, the child murmured, "Please tell me a story, Granny Tinta."

Old Tinta looked at her lovingly, then answered, "Very well, my child. This is a true story that happened when I was a little girl. It happened a long time ago . . ."

There was a time when Tinta had been a young child, running naked and barefoot through the cocoa trees, or splashing in the cool, fresh water of nearby streams. She had been fascinated by old legends told to her by her grandmother. These tales had been instilled into the mind of the young child, but as she grew older her belief in them began to waver. Then one night came the turning point of her belief, for she saw—actually saw—one of the dreaded soucouyants.

As a birthday treat to ten year old Tinta, the family rented a dilapidated island home, boarded a crowded dirty bus, and travelled out to a secluded bathing place known to few. That night, when the dishes were washed and stacked away, and the family sat around an oil lamp talking in low tones, Tinta wandered out onto the verandah. There was little to amuse a child indoors. For a moment she had watched her father light the lamp. The lean, brown hand turned up the wick; there was the swift flare of a match—and behold, the lamp was lighted, casting its soft, dim glow around the room.

Outside, with the cool sea-breeze against her hot face, and with the sound of far away voices in her ears, Tinta watched the large full moon slowly rise, and cast a path of light across the dark sea. She heard the distant rolling of waves beating against the sand, and the soft murmurings of the cocoanut palms.

Suddenly, she heard a dog's bark, and as her eyes turned in the direction of the sound they widened in fear, and it seemed as if all her blood had turned into water. Yes, it was—it was a soucouyant. It was one of those horrid little balls of fire—one of those wizened little women, who had the ability to take off their skin during the night, to hide it in a mortar, and to fly away to

take revenge on an enemy. If they were caught, they could turn into large black cats, or bats, or any other animal just as terrifying. Tinta grasped the railing, and her hands grew moist. She was frightened—but fascinated. Her eyes were glued to the yellow light moving amongst the dark shadows of the trees. It flitted here and there, with the sound of the dog's bark following it. Then it stopped—and as it did so, Tinta fled indoors, and took refuge in her mother's lap. The family looked at each other in consternation as they listened to her tale—could little Tinta be right? They followed her out onto the verandah, and stared with eyes full of awe at the ball of light. Yes, it was a soucouyant—see, it was patiently awaiting its enemy.

As bedtime approached, Tinta locked her bedroom door carefully, still shaking with fear. She had helped the family securely lock each door and window in the house, but they all knew it was pointless. The soucouyant could easily change into a sand fly and enter a crack in the walls. Yes, from that night on, Tinta believed in the ball of fire. How could these superstitious folks know that the soucouyant was in reality a moving lamp—a lamp similar to the one that had delighted the child Tinta? How could they know that it was carried by a figure, moving unseen in the dark night? Who could enlighten them? Yet, who could wish to deprive these simple folk of their old legends, and their childish joy in relating the wonder to friends and relatives? No—let them believe, for in scorning these legends they would surely lose some of the charm of living.

MARILYN WONG, Matric
THE CAPTAIN

Age has a strange attraction for youth and perhaps that was why André was my greatest friend. He had once been a sailor and he told me of all the vessels that he had commanded. These stories of the sea were thrilling, especially to a boy of my age, and I would sit for hours, my eyes held by the magnetic blue of his, listening to strange sagas of men and water.

André was the perfect example of the retired sea captain that one sometimes reads about. His face was bearded and above the grayness of the beard was very brown. His eyes were blue and narrowed by many years of squinting into salty winds. André's face was wonderfully wrinkled and a pipe was eternally clamped between his teeth.

His appearance was one of his main sources of income, for tourists were always glad to pay for the privilege of taking his picture to show to "the folks back home."

I first met André when I was about seven. It was early one foggy morning, and as I walked along the beach my clothes clung damply to my body. Suddenly a dim figure loomed before me, frightening me badly.

"Hey, boy!" said a gruff voice. "What are you doing out at this hour?"

I mumbled something between chattering teeth, but relaxed when I realized that the terrifying phantom was just an old man, dressed in the uniform of a sailor.

André and I became very fast friends. I was fascinated by his legends of the sea, the expressions that he used and his collection of strange curios. As I came to know him better I began to realize that there was something odd about the atmosphere of the sea that he had created around himself. It seemed rather artificial. He was forever "shivering my timbers" and moving piles of nets or lobster pots so that a wandering tourist could sit down. Most of the sailors that I knew swore and kept their pots and nets in a shed.

The tourists were many in those days. Those who were looking for something "quaint" to add to their mental collections of curios found just what they needed in André and he was always being asked to have his picture taken or to conduct a group of tourists on a trip to the lighthouse. He was lavishly tipped for this and during the summer he made enough to keep him comfortably through the winter.

It was sad to see André growing old. He lost the knack of his salty speech and didn't want to bother with the tourists. Consequently the tourists didn't bother with him and he drooped visibly. I knew that André would die soon and perhaps that was why I went to see him at his cottage, one foggy night in the fall. He was lying in his bed and his eyes had sunk strangely into his head. I sat beside him without speaking for a long time.

Finally he broke the silence by saying in a trembling voice, "Pete, there is something that I want to tell you. I'd like to get it off my chest, because I've never told anybody and it makes me feel sort of guilty when I think of it." He stopped for a moment and then, drawing a deep breath he

went on. "I've never been to sea; as a matter of a fact I've never lived any nearer to the sea than this. I was born in the slums of Chicago and I lived there until I was over sixty. Pete, you don't know what it's like to live in a slum when all your soul longs to be on a ship. You feel shut in and suffocated. At night you dream about the sea and by day you try to imagine that you are there. At first I thought that I would get a good job and save enough money to buy myself a small yacht so that I could roam to my heart's content, but I have to laugh when I think of that now. A good job? Me? A boy from the slums? Oh no! Good jobs were for people who had money and education, not for ignorant paupers. I decided to educate myself. I saved all the money that I could to pay library fees with and I read incessantly. That didn't help either; I didn't succeed in getting a job and I had to spend more money to satisfy my avid desire for books. Well, Pete, to make a long story short, I opened a news-stand. It paid enough to keep me and a little over. I still read a lot. It was then that I began to notice how people are inclined to idealize certain figures, the brawny lumberjack, or the retired sea captain. Then I had the idea. I saved every penny that I could and after many years I was able to buy this cottage. I grew a beard, dressed in worn blue uniforms and carried a spy-glass under my arm. People were glad to pay to see me throw a few lobster pots around or to hear me say, 'Blow me down,' because I was the personification of their conception of the 'retired sea captain.' It paid pretty well, Pete, and I was free of that shut-in feeling that I had had all my life. Something else burdened me though. It was the idea that I was cheating people. I kept trying to push the thought to the back of my mind, but it was always lurking somewhere, haunting me. That's why I'm telling you this, Pete, so that you will know that I wasn't really trying to deceive people."

At the end of this long speech André fell back on his pillows and closed his eyes. It was hard to know what to say to him and I groped for the right words. Nothing that I could say seemed to change the idea that he had cheated people, so I sat by him silently for the rest of the night, watching the beam of the point lighthouse flash through the window onto his face. I was glad that he had died as a true captain should, at dawn, just as the tide was going out. SHEILA McEACHRAN, Matric

TO LEAVE IT BEHIND

It was the first of May. There was a fresh, earthy smell in the air. Green buds were on the trees. Birds sang and violets quivered in patches of shade. Marsh marigolds spread out, gaudily yellow, along the edges of pasture streams. The sky was blue.

Their father was dead but mother had always said, "Go into the sun and play."

Brother Brian, mongrel-dog Mamselle, and Anne were little animals-all. It was Saturday morning. There would be no school for two days. They were off to the wood where Brian's tree-house hung among the dark green needles of the Jack-Pine. They sloshed across the marsh which surrounded it, shoes in hand. Twenty little piper birds rose from the mud. Brian carried a knapsack, filled with "house provisions," smuggled from various drawers and cupboards at home; a penknife, two small bottles of ginger ale, a piece of whaling rope, a hatchet, nails, (for any necessary repairs) cans of beans, cocoa and condensed milk, a wedge of cheese and a loaf of brown bread.

As they came into the wood, the sky was blotted out. Pine needles and small rocks made walking hard in bare feet. Anne had been given the privilege of carrying the frying pan, a spoon, a package of matches (in her pocket) and a tin cup fastened to her belt, as if she were a young pioneer, and she found it hard to keep up. It was so great and high and dim in the wood, that echoes and shadows seemed to rule there. Each pine stood straight and still. Mamselle was lost in a moment among the huge trunks. Brian stood and sniffed the spruce smell. A cold breeze shuffled the wood-roof, and the sky showed. Old pine needles were soft from spring rains, and silently now, the children went towards the Jack-Pine. Their entrance rope dangled from the hidden house, covered with twisting pine-branches. A circle of blackened stones, with a rusty bar lying across them was their fire-place.

"No one could ever know it was here," Brian whispered.

"No one," Anne answered.

A crow cawed in the distance. Brian put his knap-sack at the foot of the Jack-Pine. Mamselle raced up, afraid she might be left behind. Brian shinnied up the rope. Anne

handed him the provisions, then climbed the rope. Mamselle waited below as they let down her elevator—a rotting old basket. She got into it and was hauled up.

Anne's perch was above the house on a branch where she could spot intruders. Mamselle found a patch of sun on the floor and lay down to bask. Anne's perch rocked in the wind. She was happy. Brian slid down the rope and glanced uneasily around and lit a fire. Anne watched him open a can of beans and dump them into the frying pan. The silence of the wood was broken by a spoon stirring around and around in the beans.

Although it was eleven o'clock in the morning, Brian called out, "Supper is ready."

Mamselle was lowered down and Anne followed. They sat beneath their little house and ate beans, cheese, brown bread, and drank ginger ale. They shared the spoon.

Brian said, "Mother will wonder where we are. Remember, she must not know about the matches and things."

Mamselle scampered on ahead. Their mother was waiting for them at the door. She held a letter in her hand and seemed to be staring past the children. She bent towards them with outstretched arms, still looking into the distance.

"Brian," she said; "Anne; this is a letter from Dr. Block. We are going to be married. Wish me luck, dear. Everything will be different from now on. We won't be living here any more. We will be moving from place to place. Anne, you met him last Spring; do you remember? But go and have your lunch now and we'll talk about it later."

The mother took them by the hand and sat them down at the table; then she went upstairs.

The clock ticked. Neither of the children spoke or even looked at one another. They were thinking of their strange wild wood, of the Jack-Pine shaking alone in the forest. They remembered the round row of blackened stones under the tree-house. Would that beautiful tree be afraid while they were not there; and would it wither and die and fall to the ground? Perhaps it would. Or perhaps it still vaguely hears them whispering under its gnarled trunk and thinks of its three tiny friends, because, you know, trees are said to live for a very long time.

ANDREA RUSSELL

ON A SYMPHONY

"There now," said Mrs. Waggerman as she set down the coffee tray. "Just help yourselves; sugar's in the bowl and cream's in the jug. Make yourselves comfy and I'll turn on the radio; we have just four minutes to wait for the symphony."

She went over to the radio and fiddled with the dial. Her guests: Mrs. Roumaine from across the hall, Mr. Best the janitor, and Ernie Collins the shy school boy from upstairs, settled themselves comfortably around the radio—and waited.

There was a moment's silence; then Mrs. Roumaine said, "Did you hear about Amy Brightly and Roddy Mavor's cousin?" Mrs. Waggerman shook her head. "I must tell you—it all began in Macy's when Roddy—" She was interrupted by the voice of the announcer, giving them details of the station and the hour.

"Shhh," said Mrs. Waggerman. "It's going to begin."

"What a nice voice he has!"

"Shhh."

The opening bars of the symphony filled the room. Mrs. Waggerman settled back in her chair, closed her eyes and began to dream. The music was soft; she was beside a lake sitting on a high rock; she could see the dark trees against the blue sky, and she could feel the wind in her hair. She could hear the water splashing gently against the shore and the faint call of a duck across the lake. She was not alone, but she was not exactly sure who was with her—maybe it was her husband, killed in the first war, or her son.... The music changed. She was now walking through the woods, miles and miles away from the city and the hot two-roomed apartment, miles and miles away from the room, the radio, the people, alone with a memory and the copper coloured leaves and the tiny flowers—.

Mrs. Roumaine shifted in her chair and dropped the china cat she had been fiddling with.

"O, I am so sorry!"

"It doesn't matter at all," said Mrs. Waggerman, dazed to have come back to earth so quickly, and amazed at her own power to dream.

"I'm sure I can find you another; let me see, I saw one only yesterday in Macy's window, it was...."

"Shhh." said Mr. Best.

Mrs. Roumaine looked hurt for a moment, but said nothing.

"Damn that woman," thought Ernie....now she has ruined the atmosphere.

Mrs. Roumaine wiggled and looked around the room. "What a funny family Mrs. Waggerman must have," she thought. "They all look so silly in those pictures. O, I don't like the way she has arranged this room; it makes it look too small and pokey. If I were her I should put the sofa over there.....and that little table with a fern, beside the cupboard. That reminds me, I left the preserves simmering on the back of the stove. O dear, will they be ruined? And Bill's sister is coming to stay and I haven't dusted the room, or made up the bed or washed Owen's hair. Why did I come here anyway?....Only neighbourly. I wonder if I could just tip-toe out without causing too much of a disturbance? No, the floor probably creaks. I shall have to stay. Why is Ernie lying on the floor, I wonder? Surely he could sit on a chair, same as the rest of us! My, but his eyes are dark tonight and his hair is untidy; he looks almost like a savage crouched over there by the radio."

She shifted again. The music was loud and challenging. It reminded Mrs. Waggerman of soldiers marching and the Victory Loan parades. It reminded Mr. Best of the night the furnace blew up. But to Ernie it was all his ambitions rolled into one and lifted to a peak. He felt the way he sometimes felt in bed at night, as if he were standing alone at a gateway looking into life, with a power in his bare hands to rebuild the world. He felt very strong, and grateful to God for having given him this power. And suddenly the music changed, it became softer and very, very beautiful. Ernie thought he was going to cry....this was a different kind of strength that he now possessed; he felt like a conqueror and a beggar examining a tiny spring flower.....then he suddenly remembered he hadn't finished his Algebra prep. He swore softly to himself; Mr. Best heard him and grinned.

Very quietly Mr. Best reached into his pocket and brought out his pipe, and a few grains of tobacco fell on the floor.

"Naughty, naughty Mr. Best," Mrs. Roumain's voice sounded harsh and shrill against the quiet music.

"When my Bill puts tobacco on the floor, I shake my fists at him and I say, 'Bill,' I say; when'."

Mr. Best put his finger to his lips motioning to her to be quiet.

"It's all right, Mr. Best," said Mrs. Waggerman turning off the radio. "The Symphony is finished now. And you needn't worry about the tobacco. I'll sweep it up in no time."

Mrs. Roumaine rose hurriedly. "Well, I certainly enjoyed that pretty music, but I must hurry along now as Bill's sister Margaret is coming, and I haven't a thing ready."

In a second she had disappeared through the door. "Some people," remarked Mr. Best as the door closed behind her, "don't know how to behave at a Symphony."

Mrs. Waggerman brought in a fresh pot of coffee off the stove.

"You must come again next Sunday and listen to the 'Pops Concert'."

They drank their coffee in silence.

"I suppose it is no use trying to get the end of that Symphony?" asked Ernie.

"No use at all," they replied.

PRISCILLA WANKLYN, Matric.

—o—

THE HOUSE

The stranger stumbles upon it, as it emerges suddenly out of the furry blackness of an encircling grove of spruce. It is square and whitish, black-roofed. It is built untidily, carelessly, and in its aged state it resembles a bent shoe-box. There are windows everywhere—gaping holes cut in the white cardboard. It is lop-sided; the pillars which hold up a porch before the door lurch out drunkenly, as if unwilling to support their burden.

In spite of its ruined and broken appearance, however, it already grips the stranger in its unearthly spell. It seems to be alive, vibrant with

the hum and bustle of another day. The stranger advances slowly up a weed-strewn path, and lifts the broken latch of a crazily-tilted door—heavy and white. The door swings in, and the visitor is greeted by—is it a welcome? There is a shower of dust, but there is something else—intangible. As the stranger steps in and advances down a dark corridor, he almost hears a child's feet trotting down behind him. There are doors at intervals; some are open, and through them one glimpses huge, rat-torn hangings, dust-blackened furniture, time-tarnished brass and silver ornaments. A chandelier in the dining-room, in a ghostly fashion, swings to and fro, set in motion by—is it the wind, or the light touch of a woman as she lights the candles? Was that the heavy clump of a man's boot on the oak stair, or the whisking scurry of a rat above his head? Did a dog growl warning, or was it the scrape of a tree-branch against a broken pane? The stranger never knows, for now he has reached the end of the hall-way. There is another door, rust-locked, at this side. He lifts the latch, almost expecting the starched rustle of a maid's skirts to usher him out. The visitor opens the door, and stumbles out into the brilliance of a blazing sunset. He is in the garden, darkly shadowed by enclosing conifers. Here and there, stone Pans endlessly blow their pipes, or a broken flower-stalk comes out of muddy earth. A weed-choked stream struggles along through a patch of rock-garden. Neglect and loneliness are everywhere, yet once again—the stranger is gripped by the feeling that he is intruding, entering another forbidden world. He turns at the end of the spruces to look at this house of ghostly presences, mirroring momentarily the splendour of the setting sun.

ANDRIA RICHARDSON, Matric

—o—

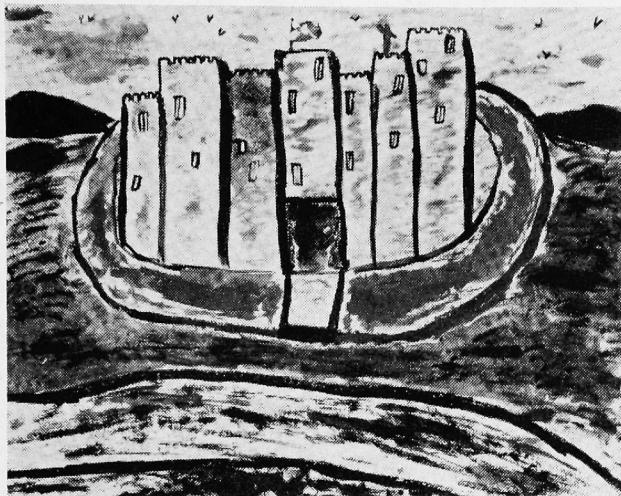
DISAPPOINTMENT

The door opens:

In the darkness of the half-lit outside
Your smile lights up your eyes.
Slowly the door closes.

And your smile dies.

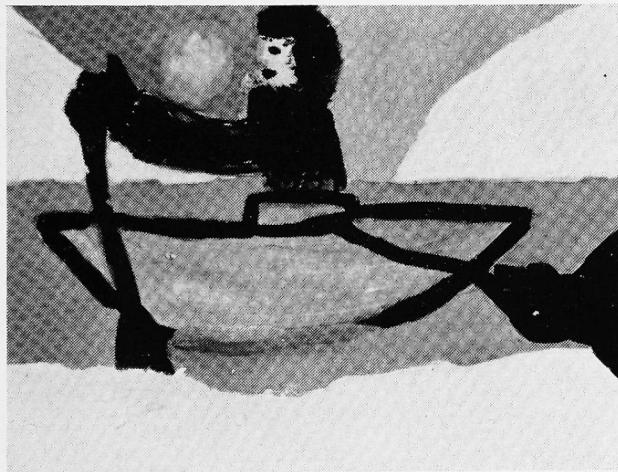
PRISCILLA WANKLYN, Matric



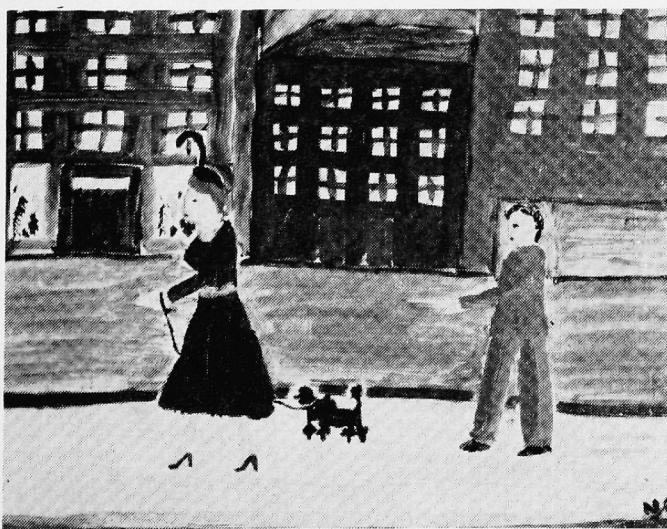
MEDIEVAL CASTLE—SHEILA GRAY, V B



LOOKING IN A MIRROR
JILL WOODS, IV B



ESKIMO HUNTER—SANDRA STEWART, III B



STREET SCENE—NÉVILLE ROBINSON, V A



LIFE DRAWING
JUDITH MORRELL, VI B

THE WHITE TULIP

One of the very few things that I can remember in my early childhood happened on my fourth birthday. In the summer, I used to help my grandmother in her garden and thus I became very fond of flowers, especially of tulips. To celebrate my fourth birthday my grandmother presented me with what I felt to be a miracle. It was a double white tulip in a pot. She told me the tulip needed regular and careful watering or it would die; and with that she bade me good-bye.

I was alone in the living room with this immaculate flower. I suppose the tulip must have been a very fine specimen, standing tall and stately with its white cup lifted to the ceiling. I know my heart was bound up in it. All I wanted of it in return was that it should remain alive and beautiful forever . . . and of course, mine.

A dreadful fear began to invade my imagination. How long had my grandmother been gone? How soon should the tulip be watered again? My grandmother had just watered it. Wouldn't it die if it were not watered again? I had had a small watering can of my own, but I had lost it in the autumn. I knew that my Father's huge watering can was down in the basement, so I carefully took my beautiful flower down the stairs and placed it on the middle of the stone floor. I ran over to the enormous watering can, which was sitting near the hose tap, on the floor. It was so big that in less flurried moments I should not have thought that I was able to lift it. But love, we are told, finds a way. I therefore threw myself upon the can and shoved it under the tap, which I then turned on. A bright shaft of water soon filled the huge can to its brim, and slopped out in every direction. I turned off the tap and pushed the huge can towards the plant. In my haste to reach my goal, which was blooming as highly and serenely as before, I tipped the water can and the flood came. The white tulip reeled, staggered, and fell forward into a bath of muddy water, its proud head bowed forever.

I remember to this day the helpless chill of my grief as I stood looking at what my love had done to the object of my devotion. I had quite literally watered the life out of it. I do not know how long I stood there; I do not know who found me or tried to administer comfort to me.

NANCY POLLOCK, VI A

PATIA

When I first met Patia, I could not help noticing that she was different from other children her age. She was very young, about six years old, but she had that look of an older person who has seen hate and fear in the form of war, and who has had to bear up alone under her own personal hurts.

Her family is Russian, and she has the typical dark complexion and dark hair of that country. Small black curls form an arch over her forehead, while the rest of her hair is caught in two medium-length braids that are not tied at the ends, but allowed to end loosely in a small jumble of curls. If it were not for her thick black eyebrows, it would have been difficult to tell where her forehead ended and her nose began . . . there is no indentation at the level of her eyes. Those eyes . . . I have never seen such beauty before, and I doubt if I shall again. They are much larger than they should be for her small face, and they are deeply set. Their colour is brown and they somehow remind me of a squirrel's . . . maybe it is their shape . . . their shade of brown . . . I do not really know.

Of most importance is the character behind them. When I began to see past the little girl dressed in shabby clothes who played ball and hop-scotch in the street with the others, I began to know the real Patia . . . the Patia who lived through her eyes. I soon learned that her first dominant quality was her kindness, and her inability to hate. The second was the indestructible faith that she had in her brother Ivan. He had taken care of her ever since she was a small baby, when both parents had been killed, shortly following her birth. Even at that young age, as Patia showed a great natural ability and love for music, her brother taught her everything he knew. Ivan himself had been a promising young musician, who before the war, had studied at the Moscow Conservatory. After this special help and training, it is now easy for Patia to recognise and name many compositions of the great composers, of which she can play only the simpler ones. Her playing contains a certain lightness, but also a great depth of feeling and beauty that I find remarkable for such a small child.

When Ivan was taken away by the Communists, the Red Cross sent Patia to America as a war orphan. Since she has arrived there have been

rumours that he has been killed, but she does not believe them. Instead, Patia stares into the distance, past everyone and everything, hardly seeing them, hoping and waiting. Such is her faith.

DOLLY ANN ARNOLD, VI A

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THE GHOST MONARCH

The rising sun seeped through the morning mist, finally making it vanish. Now the land was visible, but one would almost wish the mist had remained, covering this sorry sight, for it was such a barren land. Flat rock stretched for miles on end. The only remaining signs of life were a few tufts of grass scorched by the sun, and even these were dying. The wide expanse was disturbed by a solitary dead tree jutting out. It resembled a person perhaps aking, for its top had been broken off, leaving only a jagged crown. Two branches projecting on each side formed its arms, while its roots—unearthed and broken—formed two legs. The trunk itself was surely that of a king for it shone a glorious silver in the sun. The shadow it cast over the rock dominated the little tufts.

Not a cloud or a bird was in the bright blue heavens. The sun, beating through the dry air, made everything its rays touched burning hot. In the early morning one might expect the fragrant scent of flowers and the call of birds through the dewy silence, but it was not so in this land. There were no flowers to give odour and no birds to twitter.

The sun rose, making the monarch shadow grow shorter. Very oddly, without any warning, there appeared on the horizon white fluffy clouds. Gradually these joined with others, became grey, and covered the sky. Only a small hole was left through which the sun shone down brilliantly upon the monarch. In a moment the sky closed and the clouds grew darker, while the eerie yellow light at the horizon grew brighter. The monarch now stood, a pitch black silhouette against this light. A wind rose, whistled through the cracks in the tree, and blew the little tufts of grass till they cracked with their dryness—but the ghost monarch did not move.

Suddenly, like a dagger, a whirlwind shot down. The ghost monarch's unearthed roots were pried from the rock; the king was whirled around and

around, up into the sky until it was swallowed by the clouds, as if a ghost god had reached down and snatched it. The sky rumbled like the dying moans of the ghost monarch.

The clouds melted as quickly as they had appeared, revealing the blue sky as before. The sun shone as brightly through the dry air. All was calm, all was the same save for bare rock where the king had once ruled.

JOY HARVEY, VI A

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ON FIRE DRILL

Heard a scream, heard a shriek
Heard a noise of pounding feet
Heard a sigh, heard a moan
Knew th' fire-bell had gone.

On my feet, out of bed
Stretched my arms, clutched my head
Out of room, into hall
Couldn't see a thing at all.

Rubbed my eyes, looked around
Dropped my blanket on the ground
Bent to pick it from the floor
And forgot to shut my door.

Back to room; felt a draft
Looked around, then I laughed
Couldn't see, didn't care
Still I felt the gust of air.

Hair a mess, feet exposed
Couldn't get the window closed.
Bleary-eyed, half asleep,
Pulled my slippers on my feet.

Dropped my blanket, picked it up
Forgot to wake my roommate up.
Heaved a sigh, set to work
Pretty nearly went beserk.

Both of us, into hall,
Crashed into unseen wall.
Both of us, fire escape
—5 being late.

ANNE PANGMAN, Matric

THE STREET

In the year 1920, Francis Street was as honest and clean a street as anyone could find. This was due to Mr. Joseph Murdock, who financed the street's cleaning and guarded its respectability. Mr. Joseph Murdock lived in a tall stone house at the foot of Francis Street. He was a bachelor, about fifty years old, with thick gray hair and an expression of sublime peace, always worn when walking along "his" street.

One summer Sunday morning when Mr. Murdock was taking his usual stroll down Francis Street, the Munroe family were returning from church. Mrs. Munroe was a wealthy widow with two adopted sons. She was a tall and handsome woman. Mr. Murdock particularly admired her long black hair, which she wore in a shining knot at the back of her head. Although there were grey streaks with the dark, her blue eyes and white teeth still sparkled like those of a young woman.

"Yes," thought Mr. Murdock; "she is a beautiful lady. If younger days could have been relived, she might have been Mrs. Murdock now instead of Mrs. Munroe."

Her sons, Ralph and Victor, a rough pair of boys, were soon to be sent away to school, for their mother could no longer manage them. Mr. Murdock bowed to Mrs. Munroe, smiled to her sons, and walked on.

He noticed that the Stickney family had not attended church. Mr. and Mrs. Stickney were childless and kept a house-full of stray relatives. Mr. Murdock liked them least of the Francis Street families, for their lawns were never tidy, and they had arranged to have their milk-cans left on their front steps. This, of course, took away some of Francis Street's appearance of gentility. Miss Gladstone and Miss Earle kept "a school for the very young" in a large white house at the top of the street. They employed three gardeners, and now in the late summer, their lawns were healthy; their flower-beds were geometrical designs. Mr. Murdock highly respected the two old ladies. A little way down the street Homer Lawrence was playing hide-and-seek with his young wife and his daughter, Sandra. His house was surrounded by maple trees, which were Homer's pride and joy. Mr. Joseph Murdock lit his pipe and crossed the street to walk down the other side. He put the match-stick into his pocket, lest it should clutter up the walk. Passing the Trevises' property he

saw a uniformed maid peering out of the front door, while through a low window at the corner of the house he saw two great danes being ridden upon by the junior Trevises. The Elkinses, Bettridges, the Stampington-Browns, and all of Francis Street's householders were very dignified. You see, there were no divorces, then, on Francis Street; no rats; no beggars; no diseases; not even any mongrel dogs.

"How lucky I am," Mr. Murdock thought, "to be able to say, 'this is my responsibility.'" He went up the steps of his house and turned the key in his lock, thinking, "And how dreadful it would be if I should ever die."

As the years went by and 1920 was left in the past, he grew into a benevolent old man bequeathing money and blessings to his city. He laid foundation stones, became an elder of the church, wrote a book on public welfare and founded a children's hospital. He eventually donated large sums of money so that other streets might be kept as clean and honest as Francis Street.

Several more years passed. Mrs. Munroe went to live in Florida, leaving her house and servants to the wild "partying" of her two sons. The Stickneys moved with most of their relatives to Calgary. The Stickney home became a boarding-house run by one of the stray relatives who had remained behind. Miss Gladstone and Miss Earle had long since died. Their geometrical garden had become a play-ground for the grade school which had replaced "the school for the very young." Children screamed and tossed scraps from their boxed lunches over the grounds. Homer Lawrence's pretty young wife had run off with a foreign gentleman, after their daughter Sandra had died of poliomyelitis. Homer lived alone now, and grief had made him forget his prided garden. It grew out beneath the fence, over the gate and into the street. Mr. Lawrence was a broken man. Any passing stranger could see this by the character of his deserted little house, which seemed to droop and brood under its maples. Mr. Trevise had gone bankrupt in the thirties. "Trevise Court Apartments" stood on the site of the old house. The Elkinses, Bettridges, and Stampington-Browns had moved into higher stations of life and had gone to other streets, which were, then, as Francis Street had once been. The Bettridge grounds were parking lots and the old Elkin house had been torn down. The Stampington-Browns'

great house, as large as its name, was now a bowling alley, with a green neon sign shining on and off into Mr. Murdock's window, from nine to three every night. Plans were being made for a street-car line to run along Francis Street. When Mr. Murdock's worldly life had dwindled away into an unconscious stupor of medicine, nurses, and sheets, he knew nothing of the changes in his beloved street. He left his entire estate to the betterment and progress of Francis Street.

One night, during the winter of 1950, snow crunched under a heavy step on Francis Street. Homer Lawrence pulled up his window-blind and blinked in the frosty darkness. The neon sign at the bowling alley had gone out. A kindly looking old gentleman, wearing an expression of sublime peace upon his face, was walking on the snow below. He carried a little flask in his hand and at every doorway he sprinkled a few drops from it and lit a match, careful not to drop the match-sticks on the ground. Mr. Lawrence went back to bed and slept soundly. The figure on the street muttered, "No divorces; no rats; no beggars; no diseases; not even any mongrel dogs. God bless them all."

Next morning a skeleton of broken timber and blackened stone was all that remained of Francis Street.

ANDREA RUSSELL, Matric

THE CARIBOU COUNTRY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

In the summer of 1947, my parents decided that we would go for our holidays to a little resort on Canim Lake, in the Caribou country, about three hundred miles inland from Vancouver. We set off from Victoria on the afternoon boat, reaching Vancouver in time for supper. After spending the night with relatives, we finally started on our three day journey at about ten o'clock in the morning. We passed through Chilliwack; then, just before reaching Hope, Daddy stopped the car for a picnic lunch. We sat beside the muddy green waters of the Fraser, watching the terrifying eddies and currents raging by, while we lazily munched our sandwiches and fruit. After lunch we drove on through Hope, Yale, and Boston Bar, arriving at Lytton in time for a late supper.

The trip that afternoon had been very exciting and nerve-racking. A little while after passing Hope, we entered the Fraser Canyon. I remember how terrified we were when we met one of the

large transcontinental buses on that narrow, bumpy road, with a sheer drop of hundreds of feet on the river side, and with mountains rising straight up on the other side. As we progressed we came upon more and more hairpin curves. Since my mother suffers from the effects of driving for a long time on a winding road, the afternoon was not a very merry one. Still it was an inspiring sight to look up the Canyon and see the sun slowly sinking over the mountains, casting long shadows across the valley, and to watch below, the great torrents of the river. In the middle of the afternoon we passed through "Hell's Gate." This is a part of the river so torrential that a tunnel has been built on either side of it, near the bank. Through these tunnels the fish pass when coming up from the sea to spawn and when returning to the sea.

The next day we took a new road following the Thompson River. The country became barer, with not many trees on the barren hills, and one could see a great deal of sage and dried grass. The soil was very dry, and composed chiefly of a greyish red clay. It was very interesting to watch the change from the heavy forests and cooler temperature of the Fraser Canyon to the hot, dry weather of the Thompson River area.

After passing Spence's Bridge and Ashcroft we left the river entirely and branched off onto the road to Clinton. We were so weary and hot by the time we reached this so-called "town," that we stopped for the night, had a good meal, a soothing bath, and then a long unbroken sleep between fresh clean sheets. We started afresh the next morning, and reached our destination in the late afternoon. As we went slowly up the driveway, the Lodge came into view, with the lake beyond shining in the rays of the setting sun. We stayed at the Lodge for two weeks . . . weeks packed with fun . . . swimming, riding, and all the usual summer entertainments. Just as we began to feel like true Wild Westerners, it was time to go back to civilization.

We arrived home after a successful journey, and as we set foot once again over our own threshold we decided that the life of the Caribou was, after all, nothing compared to the perfect home life we enjoyed in a more civilized part of the world. However, our short period in the Caribou will always be a memorable experience. When we become old, with our grandchildren clustered

about us, we shall relate the adventures of those exciting days spent in the real wild west of Canada.

ELISABETH CREEERY, VI B.

THE WONDERLAND OF A FAWN

One cold blustery night my mother tucked me in and said softly, "Sweet dreams, Dear, and remember that spring is only a few months away."

As sleep began to close in, the bustle of the city streets melted away, and before me stood the flowery meadows and a young fawn admiring his reflection in a little brook. As he turned and fled, my toes began to tingle, and I was off too, dancing over the meadows with Chucky and Merrylegs, two little fawns like me. When we became winded after our chase we lay down among the daisies and sunned ourselves under the blue skies. A fresh wind fanned us, but we did not linger; instead we rose, and on Chucky's inviting suggestion ventured into the dark forest. Chucky was leading the way, nimbly skipping over fallen logs and around bushes, when suddenly he halted frozen in his tracks; cautiously Merrylegs and I peered around Chucky, to see walking down the path in front of us proud Mrs. Skunk and four little skunks, with their majestic tails held high in self-approval. On second thoughts we chose a different path, one that led past a cool spring where we stopped to drink before continuing.

By noon we were far into the heart of the forest, when suddenly Merrylegs and I halted at the sound of thumping. Chucky, being as curious as ever, hastened us on so that we could at least find out what the noise was. The sunlight soon began to stream in overhead and there, before us, was a large clearing full of brush. In the centre stood a funny two-legged thing hacking away at the prettiest pine. Chucky turned in wonder, but he betrayed us by stepping on a branch that creaked loudly. The two-legged creature wheeled, and instantly pointed a deadly-looking object at us.

"That is the thing that killed Chucky's mother last year," cried Merrylegs.

Without hesitating a minute we raced steadily through the forest, till at last the meadows opened up before us. Panting from exhaustion and fright, we lay down in silence and slept among the daisies.

The silence was suddenly broken by the sharp ring of an alarm clock; I slowly shook myself back into reality and dressed for school. At the break-

fast table I asked Daddy why he never went hunting for deer.

He answered, "Deer have such beautiful soft eyes, such graceful lines, and such an innocent look, that I couldn't shoot one."

When I left for school I had a warm feeling in my heart to know that Daddy loved deer as I did, and I only ask that again I may live the life of a young fawn, just for a day.

JOAN COUTU, VI A.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE

Asbestos was a disgrace to the Devil family! He was in love!

It all started several months ago. As Asbestos was peering down from a cloud to the earth with his binoculars, trying to start some trouble, he heard someone weeping. Turning around, he saw a beautiful angel sitting on a blue cloud. He asked her why she was crying, and she said that she was lonesome because all the other angels were busy and she had nobody to play with.

The rest of the afternoon was spent very happily for Asbestos and the angel, and when they parted each promised to meet the next day. Weeks passed, and each and every day the two kept their rendez-vous.

The Devil clan was noticing a great change in Asbestos. He used to be the very naughtiest little devil, but now he did nothing bad, so the clan decided to look in on the situation and, when they found that Asbestos was in love with an angel, they forbade him to see her again. Poor Asbestos was so sorry he moped around and did nothing.

One day, as he was collecting the mail, he found a note from Angela (for that was the angel's name). It said:

"Dear Asbestos, I love you and if you do one good deed you will break the naughty spell upon you. Do it for me. Love, Angela."

Asbestos' little heart thumped inside him. In a flash he was on the earth, and he sat on the curb trying to think of some good to do. At last he had an idea. There had been a dry season in the country and all the crops were dying. He turned on the rain taps and soon everything was growing and green.

Angela was waiting for Asbestos as he came to the sky again. Angela and Asbestos were married and lived for ever after in a dear little bungalow of clouds.

HEATHER ROGERS, V A

DOORS

Once there was a woman who lived in a house deep in the heart of the forest. She appeared to be very old, but when one looked into her eyes, one realized that she was eternally young. This woman was possessed of such strange powers that the miracles she wrought were talked of far and wide. Animals came to her wounded and went away cured; men came to her broken and went away whole; the bewildered went through her door and when they came out they looked at the world with clear and understanding eyes.

One day a young man came to the woman, sorely troubled.

"Help me, oh wise one," he pleaded. "Tell me how one may believe in human goodness, believe in faith and believe that there is a God."

The old woman looked at him sadly for a moment and then replied, "My son, when one cannot see truths, such as they are, it is because one's eyes and mind are blocked by doors. These doors must be opened before a man can see the world in its true perspective. Your idea of the world has become distorted because all your life has been lived against a background of war and cruelty. Look at me, my son, and I will open the doors for you."

As the youth looked into the abysmal green eyes of the woman the room in which he sat faded slowly away. He was surrounded by a curling green mist which writhed and swirled about him. Suddenly the curtain of fog parted and he saw before him a dark panelled door. It opened slowly and, stumbling a little, he went through it.

He was standing on the peak of a high cliff while below him spread the panorama of all the world.

A soft voice behind him said, "If you use your eyes, my son, you will see that there is human goodness left in the world."

The young man realized that the panorama below him was made up of thousands of little scenes; as he watched, one of these scenes grew so bright that he could distinguish two figures in it. The first was the figure of a worn old woman. In her hand she held a small sum of money at which she looked with longing, evidently thinking of the things that she could buy with it—coal, food, a new pair of gloves, or perhaps overshoes for her cold aching feet; then with a little smile she placed the money in the box that the other figure was

carrying. The box shone as the money dropped into it, and the youth could read the words, "Fund for Crippled Children."

The scene faded away and another grew bright. This time a woman sat alone at a table. Her dress and shawl were shabby, she had dark circles under her eyes, and her face was thin and worn. By her side, in a broken cradle, slept a pale child. As the youth watched the woman pulled the shawl from her shoulders and, shivering from the cold, she placed it over the child. As the scene faded the young man could see the woman huddled over the empty fireplace while her child slept, warmly covered. After that a succession of scenes passed rapidly before the eyes of the youth. A busy man halted in his hurried walk so that he could help a blind man to cross the street; a woman worked under the sign of the Red Cross; a mother sewed at a dress for her daughter's doll, leaving her household tasks until long after the child should be in bed.

Suddenly the young man was back among the swirling fog, but this time when the curtain of mist was drawn back, he saw a carved, white door before him. He went slowly through it. He seemed to be standing on a star from which he could again see the panorama of all the world spread below him. All the scenes passed rapidly before his eyes, but now he knew what to watch for. He saw a small child who showed his faith in his mother as he clung tightly to her hand while they made a fearsome trip through a crowded department store. He saw thousands of wives and mothers waiting for their husbands and children, never doubting that they would come. He saw a solitary figure kneeling in prayer all through the night, while far away another figure ran, knelt, fired his gun and ran again.

After these visions had passed, the face of the old woman slowly materialized and the youth found himself sitting at her feet in the little cottage.

"Tell me, my son, are your questions not answered?" she asked.

"I am beginning to understand human goodness and faith, but how can I be sure that there is a God?"

"Look, my son; look into my eyes."

The youth gazed again into the green depths of the woman's eyes and once more the green mist whirled around him. The curtain of fog parted and

he saw before him a golden door. As the door opened slowly he stepped into the darkness that was beyond it. Far below him there shone a large star, and below the star was a stable. He could see into the stable and gradually he realized that the two figures leaning over a manger were Mary and Joseph, and that the child Jesus lay within the manger. As the youth watched, three men clad in wondrous robes entered and placed priceless gifts at the feet of the child. Then more figures appeared from the shadows; placing a lamb among the shining gifts of the Magi, they too knelt reverently. The scene in the little stable faded, leaving only a silver glow in the darkness, to show where it had been. Slowly the darkness brightened and the youth saw thousands and thousands of kneeling figures. Awed, he too knelt and his heart lifted as myriad voices sang, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, goodwill among men."

The room with the old woman seemed strange after the glory that he had witnessed.

"Is your question not answered?" asked the old woman in her soft voice. "Can you not believe in God after what you have seen?"

"I can," answered the youth. "Thank you, good mother, for opening the doors."

He knelt at her feet for a moment in silent homage; then he stood up and walked to the door. He lifted the latch and went out into the world, a better and wiser man for what he had seen

SHEILA MCFEACHRAN, Matric
ANGER

Anger is like the first storm of Spring. Both begin slowly and cautiously, but soon build up a speed, momentum and force that cannot be compared to anything else. A storm with its rain, thunder and lightning beats down upon the defenceless earth that has grown old and worn throughout the winter. Anger, perhaps, has the same effect on any friendship. After a storm has reached its peak, it cannot hold out any longer and becomes less violent. So the anger towards a friend shows signs of declining . . . a word, a smile, or just a glance. Soon it fades completely and is gone. Both, however, have left their traces. The dull earth has turned a new colour, the grass has become greener, the passing clouds reveal a blue, very blue, sky and the golden sun shines in all its glory through the fresh sweet-smelling air onto the budding trees. In the place that anger had

occupied a new understanding is obtained, and friendship, like the world after a storm, is again fresh and strong.

DOLLY ANN ARNOLD, VI A

THE CHARM OF THE WOODS

One day I walked along the road through the field, around the edge of the pine grove, and then stopped to rest on the rail fence which separated the woods from the pasture. A bird chirped in a tree above me. I turned my head to look at it.

It was a beautiful bird of a warm grey colour, with a distinctive edge of black on her shapely wings. She turned her head quickly from side to side, questioning my presence. Then she relaxed, her velvet throat throbbing as the melodious notes floated through the air. A sudden movement of air rustled the leaves of the leaning beech tree, and the bird flew away. The stately pine trees whistled pleasantly, and an odd drop of water fell on my hand.

The wood became still as the soft spring rain slid down to the mossy earth, making little rivulets between the hillocks. A brown rabbit darted into a tiny clump of fir trees. I had not known there were rabbits in this wood. As the rain stopped, the sun shone through the glistening leaves of the beech tree. A violet sprang up at the foot of the fence post as if greeting the warm sunlight. In the distance the rolling fields were greener and the sky was bluer. A cow passed close by, pulling at the wet grass as she went.

There was a faint sound from the woods on my right. It was the sound of light steps on the pine needles. As I looked up, a dainty, inquisitive head pushed its way through the branches and a doe stepped into the sunshine, shaking the drops of water from her back. She moved cautiously nearer, but soon stopped, stiffened, and peered intently at the moving leaf near my foot. With a bound she cleared the low fence, and only her foot-prints remained. A field mouse popped from under the leaf at my feet and scrambled into a hole in the ground. A voice echoed across the valley calling the cows. A dog barked, and a wagon rolled along the gravel road below.

The air was chilly as the sun began to sink behind the trees. The woods were dark green tinged with pink, and the cloud over the tamarack tree was rosy. Soon the colour disappeared and only a faint light came from the horizon. The woods were quiet.

JUDITH CATE, Matric



THE CLOCK

There was absolute silence in the courtroom. It was broken only by an insistent ticking. A clock hung on the wall and it ticked. It ticked away the seconds, the minutes, the hours. It ticked away men's lives. Silently the jury filed in, dignified, conscious of the responsibility placed upon them. Then the prisoner entered; he sat down; he was only a little man and his feet did not quite touch the floor. They were like a child's feet, dangling there, with the toes slightly turned in. His hands were folded in his lap, relaxed and lifeless, with the fingers slightly curled. Under his eyes were dark circles. He was tired to the bone. He stirred restlessly. The chair was hard and had a ridge which was unkind to his back. His eyes were doing queer things and he was not quite sure where he was. He kept them fixed on the pendulum.

"How tired the pendulum must be," he thought. "It has been here since time immemorial. It will still be here when I am gone. When all men are gone, this room and this clock will still be here. The pendulum is like a sun—a burning, copper sun, a god, worshipped by savages—savages who do not realize that the god they worship is marking off the minutes of their lives. After I am gone, nobody will remember me. But when the clock is gone, people will say, 'Where is the clock?' and 'What have you done with the clock?' They will know when it is gone. For it is a part of this room—it belongs. I don't belong—anywhere."

He looked around the room and felt alone—utterly alone—lost in a world of ordinary people, people who went on, day after day, blindly obeying, without question or reproach, the orders of the government.

"Like clocks," he thought, "like clocks. But I don't, I am not like them; I am nothing like them. But I don't care. Once I cared, and I fought and failed, and now I must pay the price. But I don't care about anything, anymore. For I have nothing to live for. I am too tired to want to live. God! how tired I am."

The people stared. People always stare. They would not be alive if they did not have something to gape at. And now they stared at him, a queer fish, one who had dared to turn against the evil force which had paralysed their minds and left them incapable of action. He had tried to prove to them that a government, rotten to the core,

cannot stand. But he had failed. And still they stared, blind, unconscious of the evil which held them in thrall.

"But I don't care. I will not return their stares. I shall look only at the clock—always at the clock. Its pendulum swings to and fro, and its black hands crawl up its face, clutching at the minutes of life. Life is made of minutes, not hours, or days, or years. One minute can change the course of one's whole life. I know."

Soon the minutes will be up, and then the seconds; then there will be only eternity. How long eternity is! For ever and ever! There is nothing to live for in eternity. There is nothing to live for in life either. But life ends. And what is life worth, when one is not free? How tired the angels must be of living in eternity. For ever and ever!"

His eyes travelled slowly over the people before him. "Do they know?" he wondered. "Do they know what eternity is? Does anybody know? Poor, blind souls rushing through life! Why don't they wait and let the clock tick off the minutes for them? The ticking is so loud! It goes on and on—forever."

The moment was over. All eyes, except his, were turned towards the judge. His voice was cold and military. In the silence his words were like pebbles dropped into a well, one by one.

"You have been found guilty of treason against the state. You will be taken to the place from whence you have come, and thence to the place of execution, where you will be hanged by the neck until dead."

Five hundred breaths were let out in one mighty sigh. The little man sat motionless, with his eyes on the clock as the people shuffled out; then he rose and slowly left the room, moving automatically.

"It will soon be over," he thought, "I have fought and I have lost. But it will soon be over."

CYNTHIA SCOTT, Matric

TIMOTHY MOUSE, M.D.

Timothy Mouse, M.D., lay dozing in the toe of his favourite slipper. It was like an Indian moccasin and very comfortable. The little strings of leather were wonderful for chewing. Also, this slipper was always on the floor at night, which made it easy to get into and out of when he had

a call. Timothy twitched his whiskers, sneezed and rolled over.

Whoops! Someone was knocking. It is always hard to sleep at night when you are a doctor. He looked through the two shoelace holes to see who it was. "Oh, Mrs. Antwerp. She's always coming to me for the slightest little thing," he exclaimed.

Timothy scrambled out, pulling his bag after him. Sleepily he followed the worried Mrs. Antwerp down the dark corridor to her home, or should we say "hole."

Mrs. Antwerp pointed nervously to the little mouse lying moaning on his kleenex bed. Timothy examined him thoroughly. "Open wide and say ahhh," he squeaked. "Ah ha, another case of swollen glands," he told Mrs. Antwerp, who was so busy crying that she could not have heard him if she tried.

"Well, keep him warm and give him plenty of hot drinks. I'll be around to-morrow to see how he's doing," Timothy advised as he left.

He hurried back to his own room, and then got back into his bed. What a hectic night! Timothy sighed and turned over to go to sleep. He lay still for a while and then sat up. "Something must be wrong with me. I just can't get to sleep," he said. He tried chewing the leather strings. No, that did not do any good. "I might as well be up," he thought. Timothy clambered out and looked about for something to eat.

Something stirred in one of the big beds. Then something stirred in the other. "It must be those two th-things," he stammered.

The two things (girls, but Timothy did not know that) got out of bed. One felt cautiously around with her foot. A scream pierced the night. Timothy peered timidly around the dressing table leg. "The poor things must be the nervous type that can't sleep at night," he thought.

Suddenly a bright light flashed on out of nowhere. Timothy raced to safety (his slipper) and hopped in. The light went from one place to another, and excited whispers came from above him, and then at last . . . silence.

The next morning Timothy got up early. He packed all his belongings and slowly pattered across the floor shaking his head sadly. He was moving!

TONY WILLIAMS, V A

THE FOREIGNER

Soft flakes of snow floating down overhead, the muffled sound of cars, footsteps and occasional voices all seemed peaceful and drowsy on that November day last year, when we had our first snowfall. I plodded through mounds of fast-piling snow, wondering why I was walking on and on with no destination. Having finished my work at the office, and feeling sleepy and desolate, I had decided to go out to feel the feathery snow on my face and to see the beauty of trees laden with snow, to see quaint designs on frosted windows and gay people enjoying the sudden change in weather. Just as I was about to turn back, I stopped short at an odd sight on the path ahead of me.

A man of perhaps thirty-five or forty was kneeling on the ground gently fingering the newly fallen snow as though it were made of glass. He glanced up at me as I approached and I was able to have a clear view of his face and structure. His face was olive skinned and his large black eyes were shining with delight. His hair was also black, and when he smiled his rather thick lips parted showing, even white teeth. He was heavily built and appeared to be particularly broad through the chest and shoulders.

I stopped fairly near him and as I did so he looked up once more and then stood beside me. Although he was not as tall as I had expected, I had the impression that he could knock me down with his little finger, had he wished to!

"Good afternoon," I said. He smiled and nodded as he brushed the snow off himself. I then asked him if he had lost something. He smiled again and this time with rather a slow, drawling voice he explained in very broken English the cause of his strange behaviour. He was from India and had never before seen snow. This rapture at the sight of it was like that of a small child, and when I asked him if he enjoyed cold weather he said that if the weather remained the same all year, he would never again leave Canada. As we walked down the path he told me his life history and the story of how he had come to be in Canada. He was a sailor, and was going to be here for two weeks or more loading south-bound ships with merchandise. We laughed and talked for about half-an-hour and at intervals my new friend would stop to pick up a handful of snow and watch with wonder as it slowly sifted through his lean, brown fingers. At

last with several farewells, we shook hands and parted. I turned and watched him as he walked away from me, now and again stopping to pick up a snowball and hurl it back at me with peals of merry laughter. I waved for the last time as one of the snowballs just missed my left eye; then I turned and began sauntering off in the opposite direction. I no longer felt lost and blue; now, if a feeling of loneliness comes over me, I laugh a little as I remember my Indian friend playing in the snow—remember the most unforgettable character I have ever met.

EVE GORDON, VI B

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HOW THE WATER BROUGHT YOR BACK

Yor was twenty years old. He was a wild boy. When he was twelve, he had run away to the great, black mountains of the North. It was not because he was ugly or deformed, insane or miserable. He had been a very ordinary child; a little homely perhaps; a little neglected by his father; a little weak and unhealthy and a little more of a nuisance than other children. He did not talk or smile. Yor hated people. It was not because they were cruel to him. On the contrary, people had always been quite patronizingly kind to him. Still the sight of another child his age had made him shake with anger and he would clench his small fists and run to the sanctuary of the forest.

Until he was twelve, Yor had been taught alone by the minister outside the village. He had been sickly. Now his father was going to make him go to a school away from the village. Yor hated people. He loathed their grasping hands and evil, smiling faces surrounding him, secretly mocking

And so, in the Autumn before the leaves fell and before school began, Yor disappeared. A search through the forests and mountains went on for weeks. No trace was found. The villagers despaired and gradually, year by year, Yor was almost forgotten. But his mysterious story was still told by the mocking, smiling faces about their glowing fire-places in the evenings. Eight years ticked by as suns rose and set on the mountains in the North. The people of the village watched the same blare moon as Yor did on Summer nights. They watched the same white winds send the snow and heard the

same forest creatures howl and screech through the cool, still nights.

Yor tamed a wolf. It became his guard and friend. Yor built a hut beside a dull, murky stream. It was stagnant and shallow, yet it was water. Tall birches and firs hung their whispering arms over it. Yor kept a fire all day in the little rock pit in his hut. Iamir, the wolf-dog watched it while Yor went to the forest with his leather bow. The wolf-dog killed birds for Yor. Yor ate hard nuts and tundra-grass. He listened to the music in the trees. He hunted and explored. His shoulders grew wide and sloped to his brown, long arms. Yor and Iamir were happy. Yor never spoke except to Iamir. He had brought no books when he came away; he was an animal now and had almost forgotten his language. Thus he lived completely alone with Iamir, strong and happy in his supremacy among the mountain animals. Godless and brown in shady summer, devout and gaunt in thin winter. His hands were heavy and his ears keen. He sometimes heard before Iamir.

One day, Iamir was bitten by a snake. He grew weak and dull-eyed and died one misty twilight of summer. Yor was twenty; his companion was gone.

"I can no longer stay here, Iamir gone."

"Go to the mountain river and bury him."

He walked all day through the green, sun-scattered forest towards the water. The sun scorched as he carried Iamir on his back. Light showed where the river glided lazily. Bushes green, and rocks blue, hung along the banks. Yor said good-bye to his dead friend and the earth covered the wolf-dog. As the sky greyed, Yor looked at his face in the wide mirror of the water. He saw an even-boned, noble face, green eyes looking down, thick mouse brown hair, straight line mouth and heavy brown neck. Yor laughed. The water rippled with a spruce breeze. Yor laughed again as the water blurred his features. He washed in the river. The sun went down and in the light of the moon, Yor powerful and alone, followed the sliding river to his village. Behind him the wind mourned in the trees to see him go away. He was strong now and might at last return.

ANDREA RUSSELL, Matric



ARRIVEE A LA GARE

Quand j'avais quatre ans, j'allai un jour avec ma mère à Montréal pour rendre visite à ma grand'mère et à mon grand-père. Mon frère, Jean, ne pouvait pas venir parce qu'il s'était enrhumé. Moi, j'étais très contente.

Nous arrivâmes à Montréal à midi. Quelle joie! Mon grand-père, aux cheveux blancs, portant sa canne et ses gants à la main, et ma grand'mère, ses lunettes perchées sur le haut de son nez, un joli sourire épanoui sur ses lèvres, étaient à la gare. La fête avait commencé pour moi. Je regardais les grandes malles, les valises et les porteurs. J'étais étonnée de voir tant de choses. Enfin, je dus parler.

"Bonjour grand'mère. Comment allez-vous? Qu'est-ce que vous avez dans votre sac? Et grand-père; qu'il me semble beau! Je voudrais manger de la glace. Oh! Maman, regarde le petit garçon avec le gros chien!"

Mon grand-père me prit par la main et nous allâmes déjeuner au buffet. Je saisis le menu. Je ne voulais pas de potage, ni de rôti, ni de salade ni de sardines, ni de hors-d'oeuvres. Je voulais de la glace avec des noix. Puisque c'était un jour de fête, on me donna ma glace.

Ma mère dit, "Sois sage André."

Mais je battais des mains et posais toutes sortes de questions. J'étais dans la joie. Je me suis souvent demandé depuis si ma pauvre mère s'était amusée autant que moi. Mais souvenez-vous; je n'avais que quatre ans.

ANDREA RUSSELL, Matric

NUNCA DEBEMOS JUGAR CON FOSFOROS

Julia era una niña de catorce años. Certo día ella estaba buscando una cosa y por casualidad encontró una caja de fosforos y se sentó en el suelo a jugar con ellos.

Su mamá la vió y le dijo: "Julia no juegues con fosforos pues puede haber una desgracia en la casa."

Julia no prestó ninguna atención a su mamá y siguió jugando con ellos; después de un rato se cansó de estar prendiendo tanto fosforos y el olor la tenía mareada que se fué a dormir; sin tener cuenta de que un fosforo había caido en el sótano y empezó a poner toda la casa en fuego.

Julia tenía un hermano de diez y seis años llamado Pedro; por gracia de Dios que el empezó a oler el fuego y fué a llamar a su hermana Julia que estaba dormida pues la casa estaba a punto de estallar. Desidieron salir por

la puerta del comedor pero las llamas del fuego se los impidieron; trataron por la puerta de la cocina y lo mismo encontraron. Entonces se desidieron salir por la puerta del frente que por casualidad el fuego no había llegado hasta ese punto.

Salvados del peligro decidieron ir a pasar la noche en casa de un buen amigo y Julia y su hermano subieron a la sotana de esa casa desde la cual se veía el fuego de su casa y vieron el horrible destello cuando la casa explotó.

Desde ese entonces Julia prometió nunca más jugar con fosforos y obedecer a todo lo que su mamá le volviera a decir "Porque las madres son las mejores consejeras del mundo."

GLORY CARIDI, V A

VOYAGE

"Mettez vos casques," dit le Maître. Dans le vaste édifice ses mots firent écho, bien qu'il eût parlé à voix basse. Il y eut comme un bruissement quand les cinq autres personnes et moi agrafâmes notre jugulaire. Un par un, nous entrâmes dans la machine volante, qui semblait petite dans le vaste hangar, bien qu'elle eût plus de mille pieds de longueur, tout en étant très étroite. Avec un grondement assourdissant, le toit de l'édifice s'ouvrit et le ciel bleu de la Sicile apparut. Les moteurs tournèrent avec bruit pendant un moment, puis d'un mouvement brusque et accompagné par un cri perçant, un cri de douleur poussé par un des mécaniciens qui venait d'être écrasé, nous quitâmes la terre. Je regardai le Maître. Il était très pâle: ses cheveux, qui lui tombaient dans les yeux, et sa petite moustache semblaient encore plus noirs que jamais. Il dit, en allemand, d'un ton joyeux, "Merveilleux! merveilleux! "Au-dessous de nous, nous pouvions encore voir l'Italie, mais quelques minutes plus tard, la terre était devenue invisible. Nous voyageâmes sans difficulté pendant une heure. Puis, tout à coup, la machine commença à trembler. Je fus projeté au fond de la carlingue et je ne pus me relever, car une de mes jambes était faite de bois, un souvenir de la guerre. Le Maître regardait dans un télescope. Tout à coup, il tourna la tête.

"Mon Dieu!" eria-t-il. "La lune est en fromage vert! Nous sommes perdus! Nous ne pourrons pas y atterrir. Il va falloir que nous mourions!"

Et il se jeta sur le plancher, sanglotant, tandis que la machine s'élançait vers la lune, nous entraînant de plus en plus vite—vers notre mort.

CYNTHIA SCOTT, Matric

WHY THE KANGAROO HAS A POCKET

Once upon a time, long, long ago there lived an extremely absent-minded kangaroo who could never remember where she had left things. Her mother and father were at their wit's end, and could not think of a remedy for this one besetting fault. As the kangaroo grew, she became worse and worse; so her parents, realizing that they could not cure her, decided to marry her to some well-bred, reliable young kangaroo who would be able to shoulder the responsibility of finding the various things that she lost. This was quickly arranged and, after a charming, old-fashioned wedding, the happy couple went to live in their own little bungalow.

After a little while, a baby kangaroo appeared upon the scene, and, although he was his mother's pride and joy, she could never retrieve him if he wandered away, and, indeed, she often forgot him completely. The situation became desperate and the father and grandparents of little Murgatroyd were becoming terrified for the child's safety. At last Murgatroyd's grandmother had a marvellous inspiration. She would sew onto his absent-minded mother, a pocket large enough to hold little Murgatroyd! Gathering her needles and thread together, she hurried to her daughter's little bungalow, and speedily carried out her idea. Until this day, all kangaroos have pockets, because kangaroos are all forgetful.

NEVILLE ROBINSON, V A

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THE BROWN BEAR

Once there was a big Brown Bear. He had big brown eyes and big ears. He also had a short stubby tail. He had a small round fat face. They called him Brownie. He was very, very gentle. He could do all sorts of tricks. He would often play hide-and-go seek, but no matter how hard he tried he would always get caught because of his tail. One night when I was sleeping I heard a noise outside; I looked outside the window and I went face to face with Brownie. Well, I wish you could have seen my face. To this day I think he is still living, I hope.

JANE GORDON, III B

SATURDAY AT THE COTTAGE

Saturday is a very pleasant cheery day. We are allowed to sleep until eight or a quarter past, and sometimes we visit. Then all the girls go over to the school and have breakfast; soon after this we go up to the gym. and have Prayers, and Miss Gillard talks to us.

After Prayers the mail is given out, and Miss Hammer (the gym teacher) takes gym for fifteen minutes.

When we go over to the Cottage we get our laundry and tidy our drawers. Then all of us go out skiing, skating, or walking. At half past twelve we all get ready for lunch, and then go over to school. After lunch all of us come back to the Cottage and go out to play. After a good hearty play we come in and have rest hour. We are then able to read, knit, or write letters, or plain rest. At about four o'clock we have tea and candy, and then get dressed for supper.

When supper is over we go to the Prep Hall and get chairs for the Movie, or if we want to, we can go to the Cottage and spend the evening. We come back from the Movie tired but happy and tumble into bed.

ANN RAWLINGS, IV B

—o—

PIP

I've a horse and his name is Pip;
And once he won a championship;
Of course I'd never use crop or whip
On my horse Pip!

He's chestnut colour and gleams like gold;
He has nice gaits and he's strong and bold,
Of course he'd never be given or sold,
He's Irish blood, I'm told!

HEATHER ANDERSON, V B

—o—

THE ELAFUNT

My Elafunt is grey. I made him in sewing. I like him very much. He has red eigs. He is gray all over. He has a grunt. His ears are come of. He is quite a little one.

WENDY SMITH, III B



Staff Directory

- Gillard, Miss A. E., King's Hall, Compton, Que.
 Cailteux, Mlle O., King's Hall, Compton, Que.
 Elliott, Mrs. G., Sawyerville, Que.
 Genest, Mlle Y., 1509 Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal, Que.
 Hammer, Miss G., King's Hall, Compton, Que.
 Hughes, Miss H., 614 Brunswick St., Fredericton, N.B.
 Inwood, Miss E., 4925 Western Ave., Westmount, Que.
 Johnson, Mrs. G., Bury, Que.
 Jones, Miss D. M., 252 Waterloo Row, Fredericton, N.B.
 Keith, Miss M. V., Havelock, N.B.
 Keyzer, Miss G., 292 Humphrey St., Swampscott, Mass.
 MacDonald, Miss A., Port Hastings, N.S.
 Macdonald, Miss S. E. G., Clementsport, N.S.
 MacLennan, Miss F. A., 3 Dalhousie St., Halifax, N.S.
 Michaud, Miss M. R., 204 Levesque St., Sturgeon Falls, Ont.
 Morris, Miss M. S., 231 Hillsdale Ave. E., Toronto, Ont.
 Murray, Mrs. J., Birchton, Que.
 Ramsay, Miss J. S., 329 George St., Fredericton, N.B.
 Thissen, Mrs. H., Baldwin's Mills, Que.
 Vaughan, Miss M., 908,-3rd Ave., N., Port Alberni, B.C.
 Vidal, Miss R. F., 75 Highland Crescent, York Mills, Ont.
 Wallace, Miss D. E., Warden, Que.
 Watt, Mrs. H., 141 Coolbreeze Ave., Lakeside, Que.

9.9. Keyzer
 Lynn 22196
 (Mass.)

K. H. C. O. G. A.

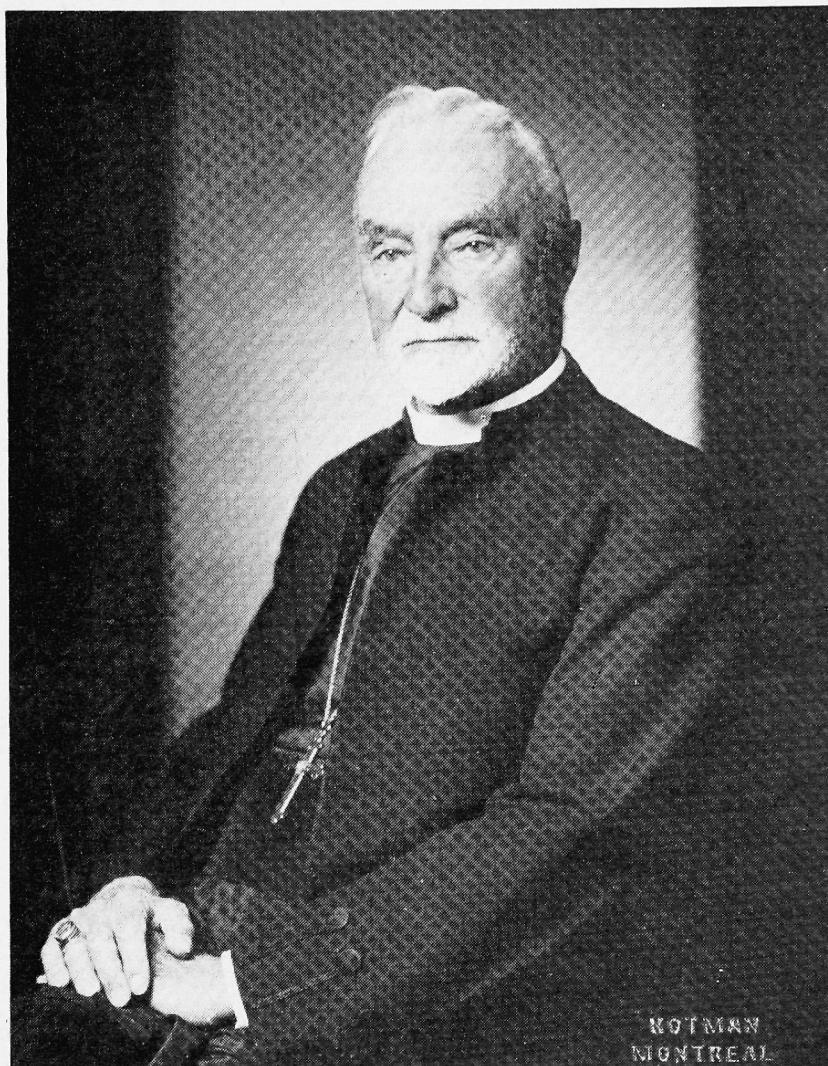
Bishop Williams' Letter

My connection with King's Hall, or what was at first called "Compton Ladies' College" goes back a very long way. I went there occasionally to parties when I was a boy at Bishop's College School. Later, when I became one of the clergy of the Diocese, I was made a member of the Board of Management, and finally, as Bishop of the Diocese, I became the President of the Board. During my episcopate of twenty years it was my privilege to have confirmed a very great number of girls at King's Hall.

At first the school was a comparatively small affair. It was intended to provide a sound education for girls, particularly the daughters of the clergy, at a minimum charge, which would compete with the schools at the Roman Catholic Convents. The result was that the fees did not meet the expenses and the school was frequently running into debt, out of which it had to be pulled by appeals to the generosity of church people, and sometimes by special collections in the churches.

At one time it almost went out of existence. When it was determined to make a change, charge higher fees, improve the building and equipment, obtain a first class staff, and change the name of the school to "King's Hall," it at once began to thrive. When Miss Laura Joll became Principal the numbers increased considerably, and the school became widely known, but it was not until Miss Adelaide Gillard, the present, very efficient and popular Principal, took charge that it reached its present proportion and excellence.

Looking back over the seventy-five years of the school's existence, with its many ups and downs, it is a great joy to me to see the school



so well staffed and equipped, taking its place as one of the outstanding and very best girls' schools in Canada. Long may it so remain.

I cannot conclude without expressing my great admiration and gratitude for what Miss Gillard has done, in twenty years, for the school, and for the girls who have attended the school during her administration. I would also like to express my sincere appreciation of the manner in which many former scholars of King's Hall have rallied to the support of their old school, and particularly since the formation of the K. H. C. Old Girls' Association.

LENNOX WILLIAMS
BISHOP

"WHEN WE LOOK BACK AND FORGETFULLY WONDER"

"Forgetfully Wonder." May those words be my excuse, my apology, and my reason for any or all of the following effort?

You present-day girls are going to think some of these reminiscences rather "sweeping statements." Miss Bradshaw used to think the same of our compositions, which we wrote in that dim and glorious past. One horror I feel sure you are spared today is the daily V.V. (Viva Voce). On those seemed to depend the number of returned lessons, the re-doing of which occupied most of our Saturday mornings.

Gone also are the Blue Room, the famous Yellow Room, and the select Nursery, holding six, seven, and four girls respectively. Those three abodes of mirth were on the top floor. Of course there was a disadvantage in as much as the Yellow was nearly exactly above dear L. J.'s bedroom and office. And speaking of office do you remember, fellow "old girls" the famous illicit voyages to Moe's River Village? Also the short-lived efforts to swim in the Coaticook river? I wonder what happened to the cow who devoured someone's clothes?

What about Monkeyville and the entwined hearts full of initials pierced with arrows that one could read on every branch? Do you remember the rush for the huge branch where one could sit in the crotch, back against the trunk with the warm spring sun soaking through us, slowly thawing the ice which by the end of winter had completely petrified the very marrow of our bones? Because, oh present generation of evenly heated class rooms and bedrooms, we, the old girls, lived in the ice age. Have you ever had to break the ice in your water jug before pouring the chips into the basin for that first invigorating wash of the day? That is of course if you could bend the face cloth and control the shaking of your limbs long enough.

However in order to counteract the cold, we were most warmly clad. "Bloomers" are an article of clothing you will have to have your parents describe to you. Suffice it to say they were made of yards and yards of good serviceable serge, well pleated. On top of this was a middy blouse and more serge in the form of a skirt this time. The middy had detachable collar and cuffs of navy blue serge or flannel. Oh, and don't forget the big silk tie.

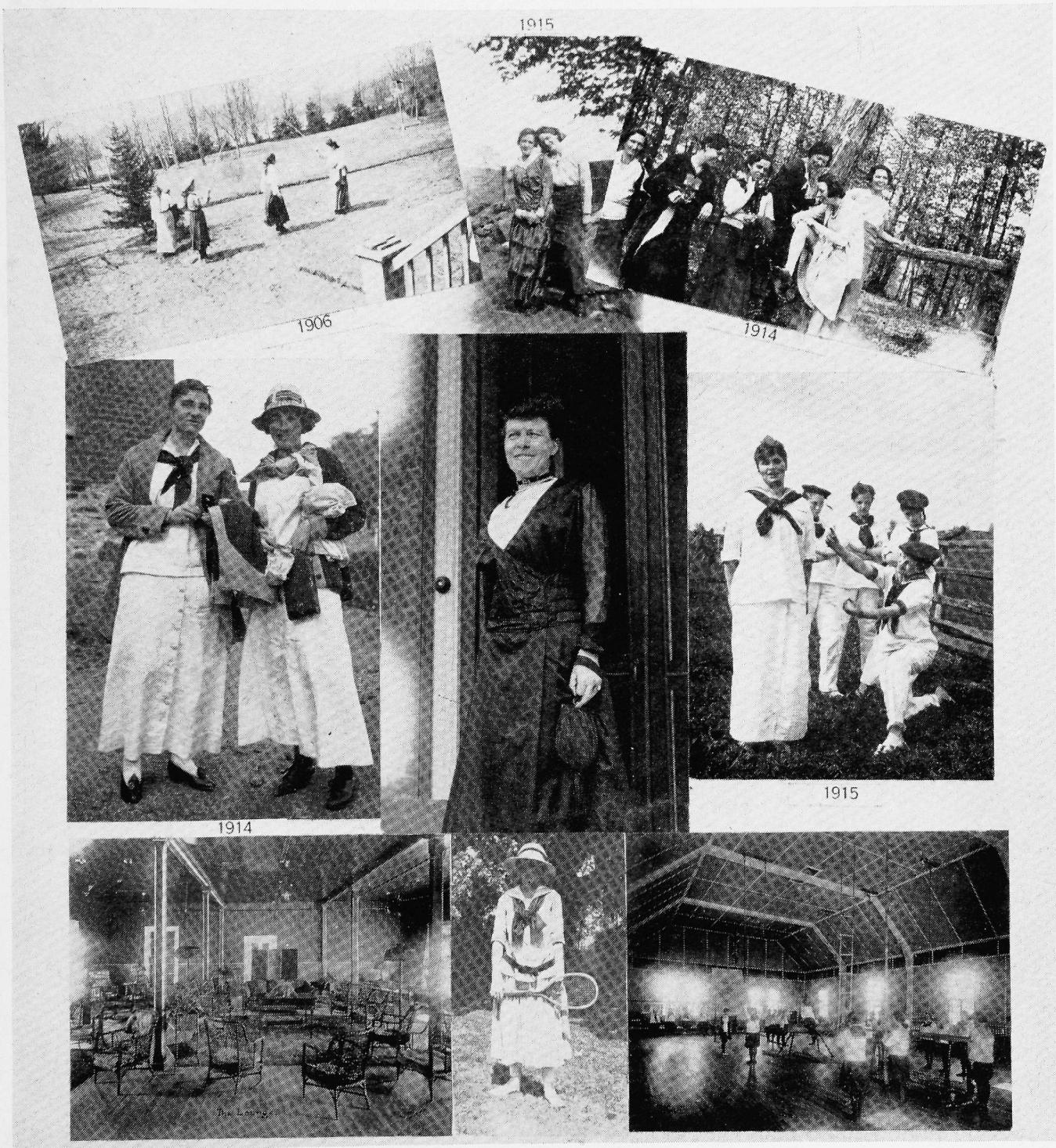
I am most fearfully impressed with the dramatic and operatic ability of the present girls of K. H. C. We thought that our plays were wonderful too and what excitement there was until we found out what "Side" we were on. Two captains were chosen and then between them they divided the school equally. That meant two plays a year. We had such titles as the "Bandbox Players," "The Topsy Turvey Troops" and so on. Usually there was one play about the middle of November and another in the middle of March.

Then there was something called the "Board Supper" which was awaited in fear and trepidation by every new girl who had previously received a command bid to be ready at such and such a time, dressed as whatever had taken the fancy of one's host. Some of us were under the impression we were to eat frogs' eyes off wooden boards and of course what it turned out to be was a scrumptious feast with all the frills. However there may have been some who didn't altogether relish the first course of oyster stew, especially if, being a new girl, you did not dare leave the oysters.

While we are on the subject of food, there is one other by-gone custom which must not be forgotten. Tea at 3.45 to 4.00 o'clock. Tea, as we knew it, was an all-embracing term, and meant everything but tea. At the beginning of every term we returned loaded with food. This was kept in cupboards reaching from floor to ceiling. The space occupied by these cupboards of food is now more enduringly filled with food for the mind. In fifteen minutes cocoa was made and drunk, bread, three half-slices provided by the school, was covered with jam, honey, marshmallow sauce or what have you from the tea cupboard; cookies and crackers were all consumed in one great indigestible rush and by four o'clock we were all filing back to our classrooms for study.

The lessons we learned those many years ago at King's Hall are still being taught and still being absorbed very much in the same unconscious way, I imagine—those lessons which twenty and thirty and forty years on are still proving their worth—those lessons of tolerance, kindness, consideration for others. The whole creed of our School is best expressed in our motto 'Keep Troth.'

MARJORIE FRANCIS TEAKLE



OLD GIRLS NEWS

ENGAGEMENTS

Pamela Aird to Mr. George B. Beaumont, marriage to take place early in June.

Jean Ross to Mr. Michael W. Townsend, marriage to take place in September.

Diana Steven to Mr. George S. P. Ferguson, marriage to take place on May 28th.

Elizabeth Ann Holt to Hon. John Vavasseur Fisher, D.S.C.

Anna Doreen Day to Major Jean Leopold Cusack, marriage to take place May 27.

Joan Wight to Mr. Robert Webb Lee, marriage to take place May 21st.

Barbara Robb to Mr. Donald Thomson, marriage to take place in October.

MARRIAGES

Anne Morgan to Mr. Alfred E. Beck Jr., September 2nd, 1948.

Frances Rawlings Colson to Mr. John A. Hickey, July 3rd, 1948.

Rosalie-Anne Ballantyne to Mr. James A. Paterson, June 28th, 1948.

Frances MacCharles to Mr. Andrew H. Jukes, May 5th, 1948.

Rita Beck to Mr. E. Charles Kunkle, August 12th, 1948.

Lucille Molson to Mr. James N. Morton, October 7th, 1948.

Nancy Logan to Mr. Robert S. Parker.

Marylyn Rutley to Mr. William Lloyd Warrell, June 26th, 1948.

Agnes Good to Mr. James P. Coristine, February 19th, 1949.

Joy Armstrong to Mr. John A. G. Saunders, March 19th, 1949.

Hazel Ibbotson to Mr. S. J. Sadkowsky, February 17th, 1949.

Xanthe Ryder to Mr. Michael deLauret Dalglish, April 27th, 1949, in London, England.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Dobbell, Betty Pritchard, May 29th, 1948, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan E. Young, Marie Norman, July 11th, 1948, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Royds, Ellendelle Rea, August 18th, 1948, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. James Harper Jr., Barbara Haskell, September 17th, 1948, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Porteous, Francoise Raymond, August 29th, 1948, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. George Evans, Frances Franklin, September 27th, 1948, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Fowler Jr., Margaret McCuaig, October 16th, 1948, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy H. Dunn, Jane Holt, December 5th, 1948, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Galt, Jocelyn Pangman, October 29th, 1948, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Skelton, Betty Gould, September 29th, 1948, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Maclare, Joy Harvie, March 6th, 1949, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Neale, Diana Baldwin, March 2nd, 1949, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar P. Etienne, Margaret Porter, February 11th, 1949, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. V. W. Vickers, Mary Grant, June 26th, 1948, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacques DesBaillets, Joan McCort, February 14th, 1949, a son.

Dr. and Mrs. Lauder Brunton, Margery Lewis, April 5th, 1949, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Don J. Oland, Betty Shuter, February 1st, 1949, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Walls, Elvira Holden, April 12th, 1949, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nicholson, Jennie Cluse, February 2nd, 1949, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Martin Chapman, Margaret Kidder, November 15th, 1948, a daughter.

Prof. and Mrs. John Bland, Fay Thomson, April 18th, 1949, a son.

Dr. and Mrs. R. Hyde, Enid Charlson, January 24th, 1948, a son.

GENERAL NEWS

Barbara Ronalds is working in a New York Hospital.

Diana Steven worked in the Bride's Counselling Bureau of Simpson's in Toronto during the last year.

Alison Moreira is studying languages in Oporto, Spain.

Meriel MacLean studied in Brussels during the past winter.

Hazel Cole is in training at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal.

Jill Foster and Audrey Robinson were debutantes of the 1948 season.

Executive K. H. C. O. G. A.



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AUDREY (ESLER) SAVAGE
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MARY FOWLER
Corresponding Secretary



JOSETTE (LACAILLE) JOHNSON
Treasurer



ELIZABETH JOHNSON
Recording Secretary

THIS AVIATION BUSINESS

It all started eleven years ago at King's Hall, Compton, when Mary Fowler and I decided we'd learn to fly. Why, I don't know, as neither of us had ever been near an aeroplane. (At least I hadn't.) Anyway we got all excited about this and wrote to a flying club. They sent us a polite reply with all the necessary information. And there the matter rested—just one of those things.

I never thought of aeroplanes again until my last year at McGill, when one day I summoned up all my courage, put on my best dress, and drove out to Cartierville. I was still under the impression then that aviators were in a special class, and to be allowed to learn you had to prove yourself worthy, and that part of this was to make a favorable impression. By the time I reached Curtiss-Reid Flying Club, I'd walked across a muddy field and been drenched by the rain, and I didn't feel at all impressive. I timidly asked someone if please I could take flying lessons. My name and address were taken and I was told to come back next day at 2.30—the weather being good. I was on top of the world.

A year and a half later I was on my way over to England to ferry aircraft for His Majesty's Government.

The trip over by freighter, in a sixty ship convoy, was uneventful. However I still haven't recovered from being wakened at seven in the morning and having a cup of tea thrust in my hands, and thus being deprived of fifteen minutes of precious sleep.

We docked at Liverpool, and I was on my own. I had been told to report to ATA headquarters at White Waltham, and I hadn't a clue as to how to get there. A kind lady from our ship took me in tow and explained that I'd have to go via London.

This had been quite a day, sailing up the Irish Sea past the Isle of Man, ships as far as the eye could see, aeroplanes practising off the aircraft carriers—and our first sight of these green Isles indescribably beautiful. Then Liverpool with all its bomb damage, the tiny trains, the women porters and finally London at 7.30 in a complete blackout and pouring rain. No room at any hotel, so I ended up by spending the night in some sort of boarding house—I still don't know where I was that first night in England.

Up to the point of reaching this boarding house I didn't feel too badly as I knew someone in London, and planned on spending the evening with her. I phoned the Red Cross and Bar had left that morning for Italy. So I went to bed, and then an air raid started with much noise and much light everywhere. By this time I didn't feel at all good, and being on the top floor I scuttled downstairs, only to find a lot of odd characters. After a few minutes I returned upstairs having decided that the air raid was preferable.

Next day I reported to White Waltham, and nobody seemed particularly pleased to see me. There, to top everything, I was given ten days' leave until the next course started. I was ready to take the next boat home.

I wish I had more room to tell you about Haddenham, the sleepy little English village where initial training off Thame Airfield was done. The thatched roof cottages, the enchanting little village square, and the Pubs with roaring fires where we went at night to discuss the day's activities, and to have a pint of bitter.

It was while I was at Thame that I met a young man called Gerry. I regret to say that we were never formally introduced—however I hope you will keep this a secret in view of future events. He was temporarily at the Ferry Pool at Thame, and he used to ask me to play ping pong with him in the evenings. I still haven't figured out why I used to win frequently in those days, and have never done so since.

It was at Thame that I flew my first Spitfire, sleek, smooth and fast. Like my first solo it was a moment never recaptured. Afterwards there were bigger and swifter aircraft to be ferried. They all brought their own challenge to the pilot, but for sheer exhilaration and sense of accomplishment nothing ever touched my first flight in a fighter aircraft.

Particularly happy times were when I met old Canadian friends. First of all Josy and then Audrey and BB came over with the Red Cross. It sure was good to see them gals.

All of which brings us to the year 1949 where I find myself helping my husband operate a Charter Air Service, from an airfield on the Lower St. Lawrence.

Up to last autumn, when Dede came to join us as chief mechanic, Gerry and I did every-

thing ourselves. Gerry looked after the running of the aircraft and the maintenance, while I occupied myself with the body beautiful with a can of simonize and lots of elbow grease. We hammered nails, we flew, we kept books, and Gerry learned how to organize a business. We gassed our aircraft out of drums in below zero weather, and when our first licence came through, which was for sightseeing and barnstorming, we went off on fine Sundays to give people ten minute rides. We took turns flying and selling tickets. The latter was the worse as the weather was usually pretty cold. Most of the people we took up had never flown before, and many had never seen an aeroplane. It was interesting to see their reactions. I think the worst thing that happened to them was that they sometimes found a woman pilot—horrors—however after a while when they saw that I seemed to go up and land again without too much trouble they seemed to reconcile themselves to the idea. I'm sure I know how the suffragettes felt way back when.

Right now we have three aeroplanes. "Honey-child," a Stinson Voyager, the first the Company bought and still the favorite; "The Babe," a Cub Cruiser, which is used for instruction; and "The Kangaroo," a twin engined Cessna for cross river work. The latter is a recent acquisition and was named, before we got her, by her previous owner, an Australian; however the name is sometimes very appropriate. No, of course we never bounce on landing!

As soon as Matane Air Services received its charter licence early last summer we were kept busy. We had a few pupils, we took lumber operators in to survey their timber limits, and to reconnoitre forest fires, and we dropped dry ice into clouds in an unsuccessful attempt to make rain. Our passengers have ranged from cabinet ministers flown up to the Quebec Parliament to an Indian flown this winter miles into the bush country with his provisions.

Instructing is fascinating work. I had a pupil all to myself and I found out how much I didn't know and how much of my flying had become automatic, so that at first it was very difficult to describe to my pupil exactly what was going on. When Gerry sent his first student solo I don't know who was more nervous, the pupil or the instructor—after a perfect landing both felt pretty good. I haven't had the pleasure as yet.

This winter we are all organized, the hangar and office are finished, our bookkeeping system is all set up, we have an automatic gas pump, and best of all a mascot has been added to the organization. He is a mischievous boxer dog with the name of Trimmer. He keeps us on our toes, when he isn't disrupting all office work by trying to crawl up in our laps. Incidentally he has logged about ten hours flying time, and we feel the day is approaching when he may be allowed to go off by himself.

Gerry does most of the flying although I get trips when there is a lot doing. My main job is keeping the books, and I am proud to say that I have not misappropriated any funds to date.

It is a lot of fun. Gerry and I have been so busy during these last two years that I can't remember us having one serious quarrel. I know how to cook now too—it was that first solo roast beef which was the worst, and even now they are either too rare or too well cooked. However on the whole it is easy, as thanks to King's Hall I can read—a cook book!

ELSPETH RUSSELL BURNETT
OLD GIRLS' FIRST MEETING

On Friday, November the 23rd, a meeting of the Old Girls of King's Hall, Compton, was held at the Mount Royal Hotel, for the purpose of forming an Association and to raise funds for the Laura Joll Pension and Endowment fund. Mrs. L. D. Palmer (Pixie Smith) presided.

Mrs. Palmer opened the meeting with a short address of welcome to the Old Girls and then introduced Miss Mary Rowell of Toronto. Miss Rowell spoke of the letter sent in February by the Bishop of Quebec to all former pupils at King's Hall. At the closing of the school in June, Miss Rowell spoke to the Bishop concerning an Association of Old Girls. Since then Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, Hamilton, Ottawa and London have all been written to with this idea in mind.

Letters were read from Miss Joll, the Bishop and Miss Tugwell who are all in favour of an association being formed.

Mrs. Aylmer (Topsy Bell) moved, seconded by Mrs Douglas Abbott (Mary Chisholm) that an Association of Old Girls of King's Hall be formed. Carried.

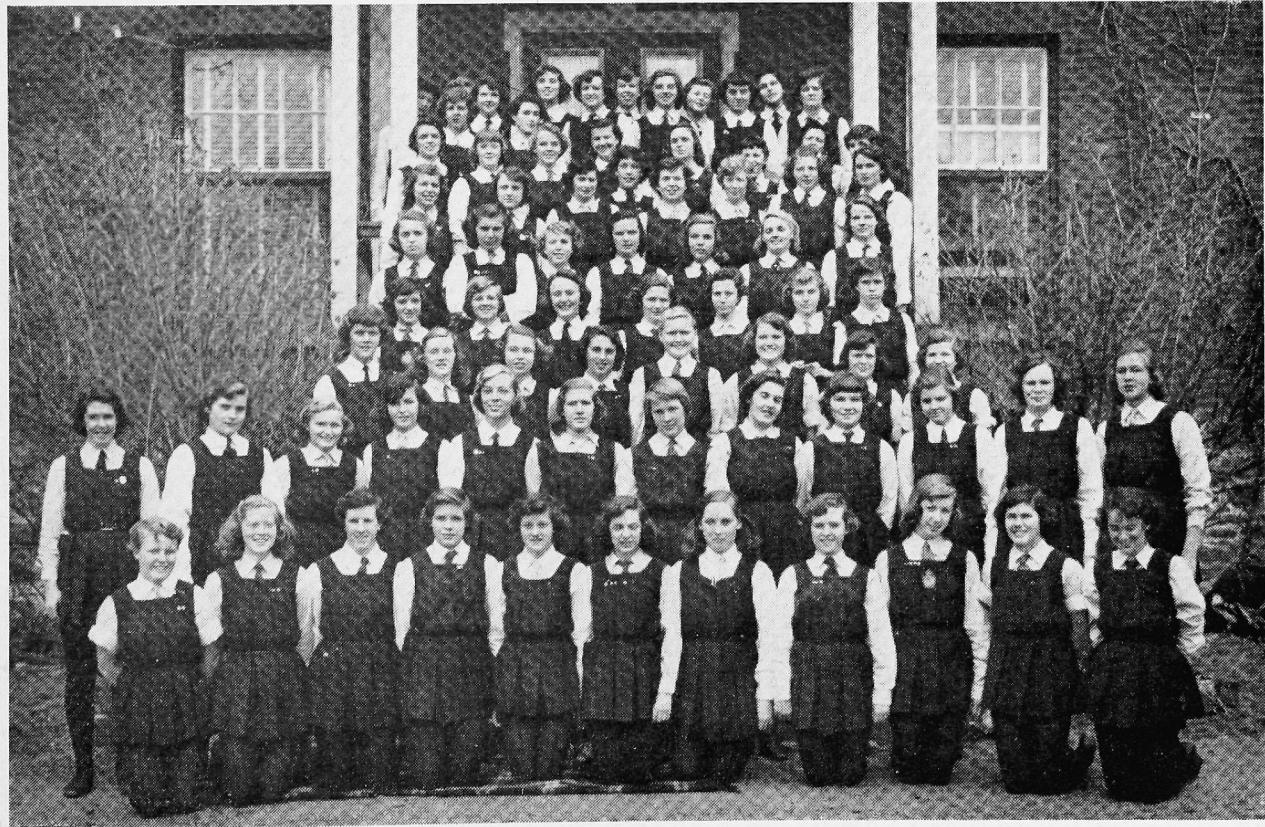
Nominations were then taken for the officers of the Montreal group of the Association.

Respectfully submitted,
OLGA S. HERSEY, Acting Secretary

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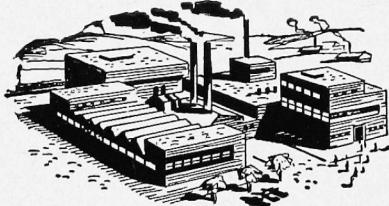
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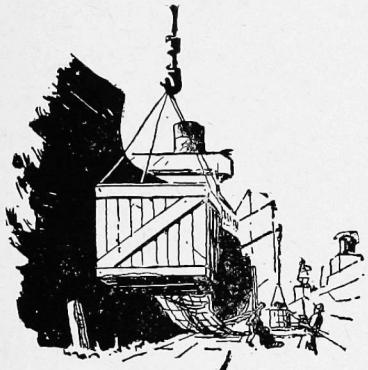
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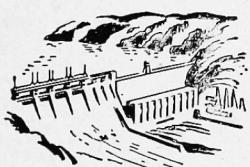
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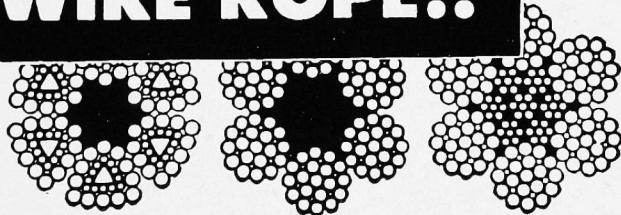
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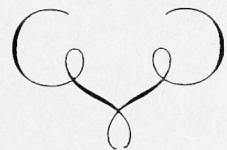


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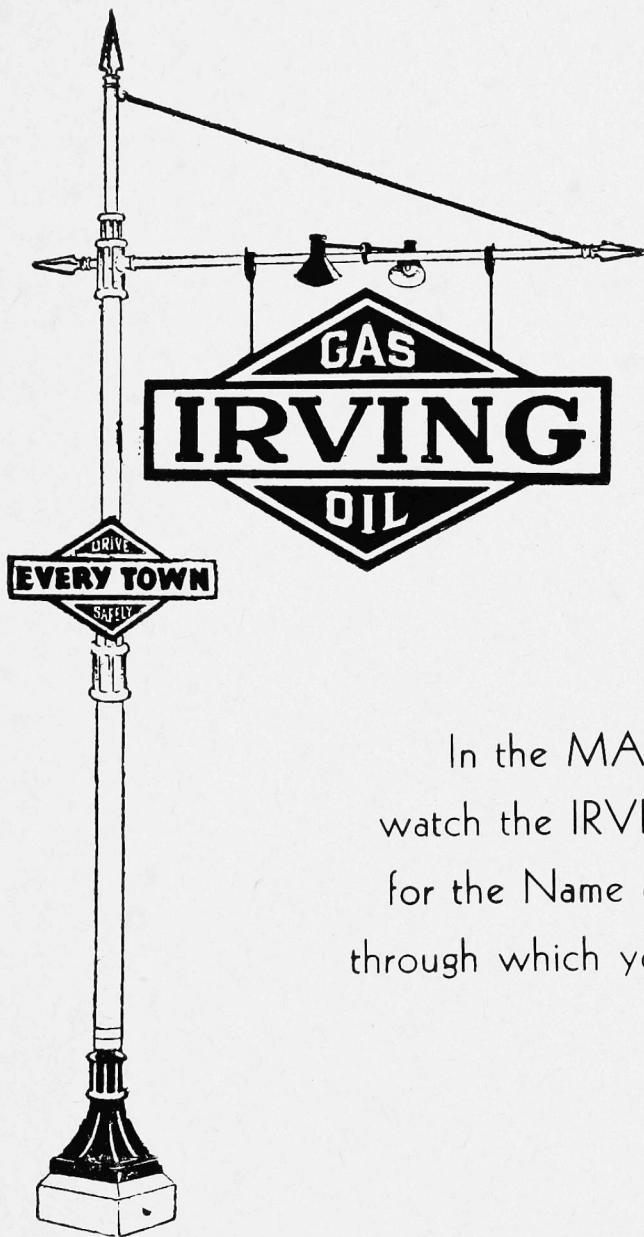
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